THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

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Former sorority wins approval from council

By Jim Oleske

The former sorority known as Alpha Chi will become a coeducational social house next fall, if all goes according to plan.

On Wednesday, March 10, Community Council voted by an overwhelming margin to accept a proposal from the group's two spokeswomen, Victoria Grand '95 and Kirtley Horton '95.

The Community Council resolution expresses support for "the intent of the proposal" and urges that the organization "be given the opportunity to follow through on that proposal."

Specifically outlined in the resolution is a preliminary probationary period for this spring during which the group must meet college requirements for social houses, including obtaining one-third male membership by May 1.

If this is accomplished, the resolution "strongly recommends" that the organization be granted a house for the 1993-94 academic year. Director of Residential Life Frank Kelley and Assistant Director Kathy Follert would then be responsible for alloting a specific residential space.

Following the council's decision, co-authors Horton and Grand expressed their satisfaction with the outcome.

"We are both excited about the Community Council decision," said Horton, "and are hopeful that we will be able to move forward with continued success."

Grand agreed, saying, "Wednesday's approval for the group that was Alpha Chi gives us a sense of accomplishment, and I hope that what we have begun will be passed on."

While both Horton and Grand are optimistic about the future, they recognize that the conditions laid down by the Community Council will be difficult to satisfy by the May 1 deadline.

"We realize," said Horton, "that our biggest challenge may still lie ahead. We are working with very limited numbers and have a short amount of time to meet the same college requirements which some of the existing houses took two years to meet."

Grand added that "after a successful fall pledge at the social houses, as well as three spring

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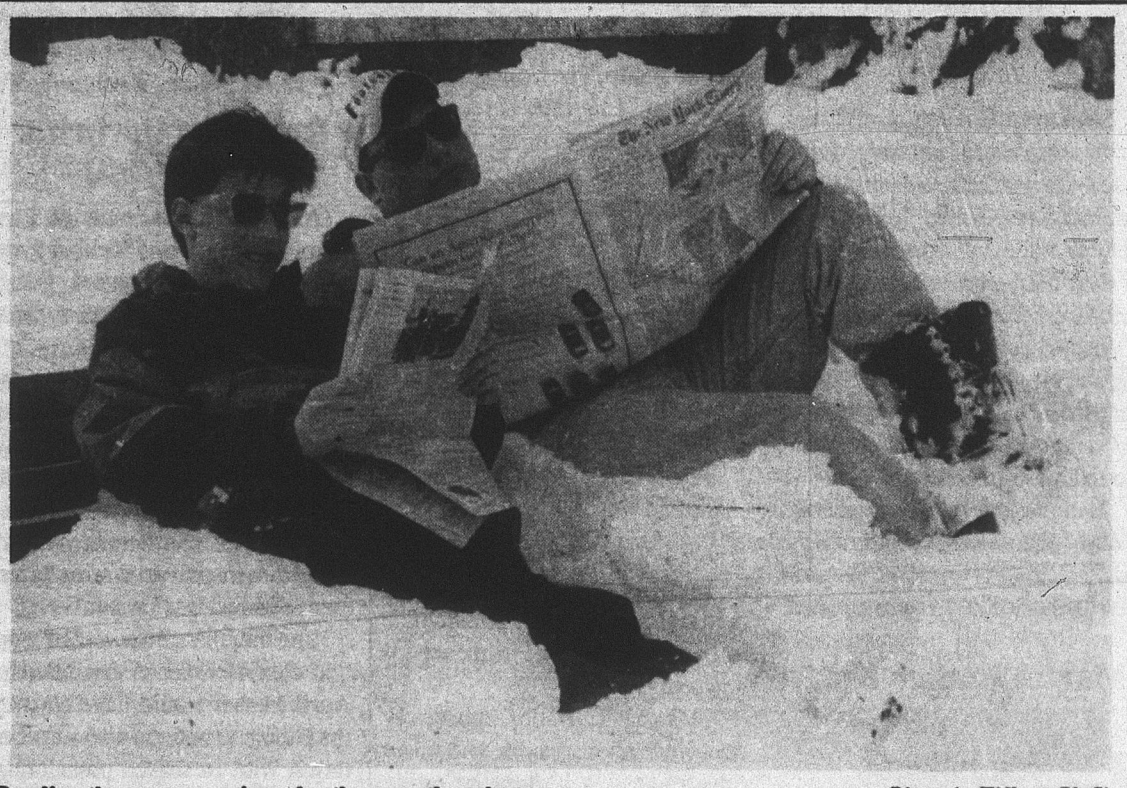

Reading the newspaper is cooler than you thought. *Photo by Tiffany Claflin*

College rides out storm of the century

By Steven Sidore

Described as "the storm of the century," a gigantic blizzard stomped from Cuba to Nova Scotia this weekend, killing over 130 and causing billions of dollars of property, erosion and produce damage. In Middlebury, approximately 25 inches of snow fell during the storm, creating difficulties on campus and in town.

The snow problem was compounded by high winds that created immense impenetrable drifts. Even the well-practiced Vermont road crew could not keep up, and mountain passes such as Route 125 were closed due to safety hazards.

Most of the possible emergency situations never materialized. However, the Dining Services staff valiantly spent the night in Proctor and the SDU's, and there were tense moments until fire lanes could be cleared in front of the dorms and buildings.

Security staff members Dixie Bassett and Robert Malone worked triple and quadruple consecutive shifts, respectively. Lieutenant Malone was on duty for 32 hours, alternating between foot and car patrol. Asked how the new patrol car handled in the snow, Malone replied that "a storm like this isn't the ideal conditions to test it in, but it handled very well." The car did slide into a snow bank near the Science Center but was freed by helpful students.

Both security staff members noted that the storm was the worst they had experienced on the campus. Malone praised the tremendous efforts of the campus staff, including Jon Woodbury, director of the physical plant, Paul Hunt, maintenance worker, and Bryan Merrill, chief of the athletic field workers crew, each of whom spent most of the night behind a plow, as well as switchboard operator, Betty Beck, who spent the night at her post in the Service Building. "A lot of effort was made by every department to make sure everything was at 100 percent. The students were first on everyone's minds," Malone noted.

Early warnings about the storm allowed students, faculty and staff to prepare well in advance. For the security team, the storm presented tremendous logistical problems. In the event of an emergency during a major snow storm, emergency equipment would need to reach the college. If power loss occurred, auxiliary power would need to be routed and students would have to be moved.

Frank Kelley, director of residential life, laid out preliminary emergency plans with Woodbury, Ted Mayer, director of dining services and Malone. A full comple-

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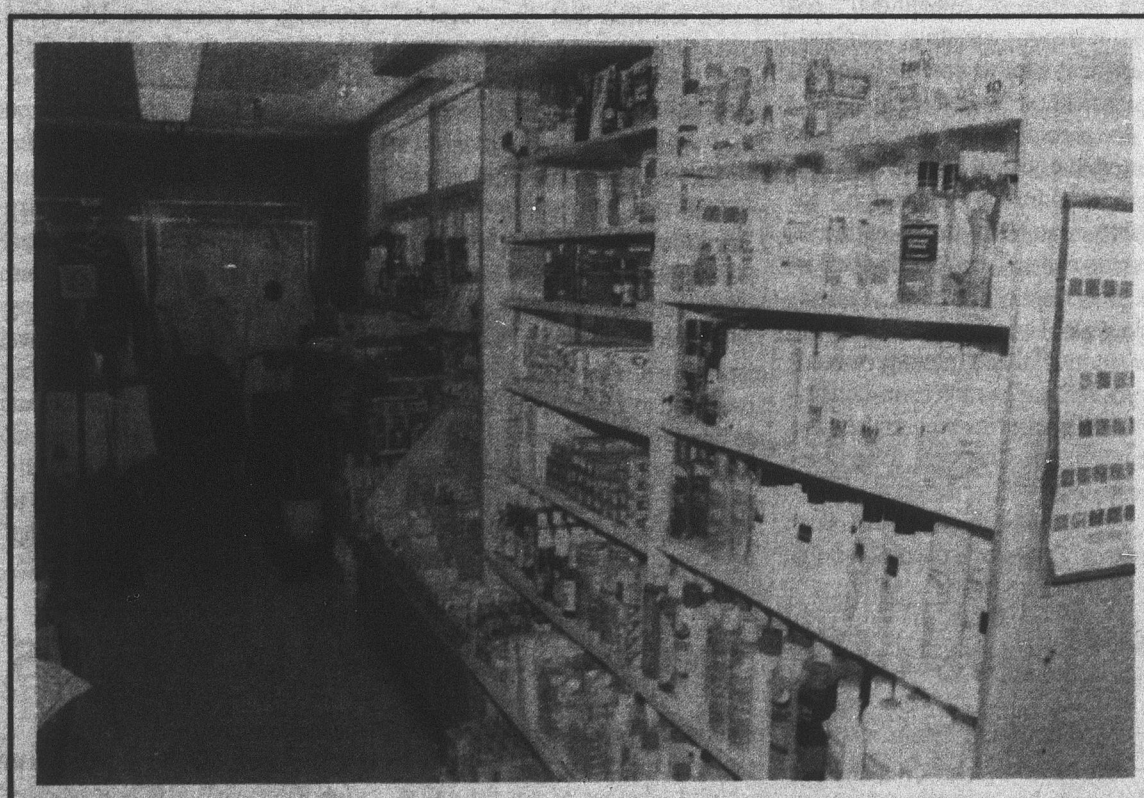

The College Store offers convenience rather than bargains. *Photo by Dan Perregaux*

Investigation links toothpaste price and tuition

By Elisabeth Egan

A Campus investigation found that items sold at the Middlebury College Store are consistently more expensive than merchandise from Ben Franklin and Grand Union. However, employees at the college bookstore defend the price discrepancies, pointing to the different quantities of stock ordered by each store.

"If we only order a dozen of one item, we don't get the same deal as a larger store which orders from a distributor in bulk," said Alice Munson, manager-secretary of the book department. "Stores like Ben Franklin and Grand Union are ordering hundreds of each item. They don't have to pay as much in the first place, so they can charge less."

Donna Paquette, a clerk and secretary at the bookstore, responded to student concern that the bookstore overcharges for certain textbooks. "We sell textbooks at the publisher's suggested retail price. We're here to serve the students. We always try to give them the benefit."

Munson and Paquette commented that they would like to know if students feel that the bookstore has made a mistake in pricing an item. They recalled a situation in which members of a Spanish class were reimbursed $20 when a professor alerted the store of a publisher's price reduction for students purchasing the textbook.

"Using the manufacturer's suggested retail price gives us a guideline and takes away the chance that we're going to underprice or overprice," said Manager Carl Peabody. "I understand that it's hard not to look at a $50 book and wonder who's making the profit." He noted that many times the bookstore actually charges less than the standard consumer price for textbooks.

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College Shorts

Medical students charged with disorderly conduct

Seventeen University of Texas medical students were charged with indecent exposure and disorderly conduct after police found them running nude and throwing tomatoes at a fraternity house where several other medical students live.

The accused are members of the University of Texas Medical Branch's Phi Beta Pi chapter, and the spree was part of the chapter's annual nude celebration.

A municipal court judge fined each of the students $120, but he said the charges would be dropped if no further incidents were reported.

Martin Luther King, Jr. sculpture vandalized

The Wichita State University campus has moved a bronze sculpture of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. indoors after it was defaced.

Vandals painted the face of the sculpture white and wrote KKK on its pedestal. This is the second time it has been vandalized.

The sculpture, part of a 53 piece outdoor collection, is being cleaned and will now be displayed in an administration building. Several other pieces will also be moved inside.

Campus police have no leads regarding the culprit.

Mascot sues Maryland

A University of Maryland student has sued the state for benefits for injuries he suffered at a football game against the University of Virginia.

Scott Rudolph was dressed as the Maryland mascot, a terrapin, when he was attacked by the Virginia mascot. He fell to the ground and fractured his arm in three places. The two mascots were apparently only pretending to fight, but Rudolph said that the "enthusiasm of the crowd" prompted the Virginia mascot to go overboard.

Rudolph brought the state of Maryland to court when it refused to pay him worker's compensation benefits. The state argued that Rudolph was not an official employee of the school and, therefore, was not entitled to compensation.

Judge Joseph Stills ruled that the student qualified as an employee and required the state to award benefits to Rudolph.

Anti-abortion groups criticize Notre Dame

Students at the University of Notre Dame are upset that school administrators canceled an anti-abortion conference.

The anti-abortion group that planned the meeting said that the school did so to avoid being associated with a staunch pro-life organization.

Notre Dame officials counter that the group, The Collegians Activated to Liberate Life, never sought authorization for the conference.

However, a spokesman for the group said that Notre Dame officials were worried the activists at the meeting would criticize the university for not supporting anti-abortion activities.

Reporter charged with slander

A student at Baylor University in Texas is accused of falsifying material and fabricating evidence in the articles he wrote for the school newspaper.

Leonard S. Dutlof apparently doctored photographs and used false quotes in a story he wrote about the Rho Kappa Phi fraternity. Several members of the fraternity were extremely upset about the image of drug abuse and chauvinism that Dutlof portrayed in the article.

When the school's student judicial council reviewed the case, it uncovered numerous other falsehoods that Dutlof had written in previous issues of the paper.

According to Dean of Students Greg A. Hanscom, Dutlof's actions were "purposely disrespectful and malicious."

Dutlof defended his position, saying, "I was just having a little fun. Nobody ever reads my articles anyway, so what's the difference?"

Dutlof will be allowed to reapply for admission in the fall of 1998.

College president resigns amid fraternity dispute

The president of Maria College in New Mexico has left his position in the midst of an ongoing battle over the existence of off-campus fraternities.

President John R. Renolds was at odds with both the alumni and the students in a dispute over whether or not single-sex fraternities should be allowed to exist off-campus.

Because over 70 percent of the students at Maria belong to such organizations, Renolds had serious problems enforcing the ban.

When allegations were made by several students that the president had accepted bribes from some of the wealthier fraternities, Renolds quit. When asked why he was leaving, he said, "I can't stand the lies. I can't have people laughing behind my back. I thought Maria would be a warm and congenial place, but I was wrong."

Sources:
Chronicle of Higher Education
U. The National College Magazine

NEWS

Global to Local

By Robert Schlesinger

Russia on the brink

As the political status of Russian President Boris Yeltsin grew more precarious this week, President Bill Clinton edged away from deep defense cuts.

On Thursday, March 11, the People's Congress voted to reduce Yeltsin's power. The 1,000-plus member Congress, which was elected three years ago under the now-defunct communist system, voted down a power-sharing agreement reached last December.

The members also vetoed a nationwide referendum scheduled for April 11 that would have allowed the people to vote on a new constitution with increased presidential powers.

A Clinton-Yeltsin summit meeting scheduled for April in Vancouver, British Columbia was intended in part to strengthen Yeltsin's political position, but in light of the recent developments, it is not clear what such a meeting will now be able to accomplish.

On Friday March 12, however, Yeltsin presented a challenge to the Congress. He declared that the referendum would still take place. "I came to the Congress hoping that the spirit of concord would prevail here in spite of everything," he said. "Despite everything, the Congress has turned toward still greater confrontation," he added.

In recent weeks Yeltsin has hinted that he may have to resort to "other additional measures" to maintain stability in the country. During a meeting with Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany, Yeltsin asked Kohl whether or not the major industrialized nations would support him if he took extra-constitutional measures, such as the suspension of the Congress, to achieve these ends.

An administration official said on Friday that while the U.S. would not oppose Yeltsin if he suspended or dissolved the Congress, they would react strongly if he attempted to take military action.

On Tuesday, Clinton said that the increased instability in Russia could force him to reduce his planned military cut backs.

Prosecution rests in Rodney King trial

Federal prosecutors rested their case on Monday, March 15 against four white police officers accused of violating the civil rights of Los Angeles motorist Rodney G. King.

During the two-week presentation, the prosecution gave a generally consistent interpretation of the 81-second videotape in which King is beaten by the officers. The prosecution appeared to be taking pains not to make the same mistakes and omissions that state prosecutors made last spring when they failed to achieve a conviction of the four officers.

Federal prosecutors face a higher burden of proof than their state predecessors, however, because they must prove that any excessive force used was not the result of error or fear, but was intended. In order to do this, prosecution witnesses testified that Los Angeles Police Department policy was violated, and that at least three of the baton blows were aimed directly at King's head, causing severe injury.

One prosecution witness recounted that one of the officers, Laurence Powell, laughed and joked about the beating while at the police station.

The prosecution also submitted testimony that three of the officers attempted to cover up the extent of the beating in their written reports. Prosecutors also tried to establish the validity of allegations of taunts described by King which indicate the presence of malice on the part of the officers.

If convicted, the officers face maximum penalties of 10 years in prison and fines of $250,000.

Middlebury Teen Center lacks adults

Having overcome such adversities as a lack of funding and a lack of a building, the Middlebury Teen Center faces its most daunting challenge yet: a lack of adults.

The minimal supervision has been blamed for several reports of rude behavior by teenagers towards little children using the center's restrooms, which also serve the neighboring Memorial Sports Center, according to Leif Dahlin, director of the Middlebury Recreation Department.

The center was opened late last year in a what used to be a heating hut. Presently the center offers entertainment ranging from video games to fooze ball for Middlebury high school students.

As many as 80 Middlebury Union High School students can be found at the center when it is open Thursday through Saturday until 10 p.m.. The students are required to follow strict rules regarding drinking, swearing and disruptive behavior, but the dearth of adults makes it hard to enforce some of these rules.

The onus of supervising the students generally falls upon the shoulders of Sue Swinton, a Middlebury resident who helped found the center. She has sought volunteers but only in vain. "I haven't had any luck at that. Often, the parents have little kids at home," she said.

Although Swinton admits that she has committed more of her time to the center than she originally anticipated, she has vowed not to burn out. "I haven't gotten to that point," she said.

Clinics offer confidential HIV tests

By Becki Plona

The Vermont State Department of Health has recently opened a new HIV testing site in Vergennes, approximately 15 miles north of Middlebury. One of 18 physicians' offices and clinics throughout Vermont offering an anonymous test for HIV antibodies, the Vergennes location provides this service mainly for residents of Addison County, including the students of Middlebury College.

Anyone wishing to obtain an anonymous HIV test through the state's testing program must go through a simple procedure. The first step is to contact the Vermont State AIDS hotline at 1-800-882-AIDS. The caller will reach a trained counselor, who will be able to explain to him or her the nature of the test, why the caller may desire the test and whether or not the caller has put him or herself at sufficient risk to warrant a blood test.

If the caller, after discussing the matter, is convinced of the need for a blood test, he or she is then referred to the most convenient testing site, usually a doctor's office.

The client independently contacts the testing site and makes an appointment for the HIV blood test. When the individual arrives at the doctor's office, he or she is given a packet of information containing, among other things, a personal code number. One copy of this number is retained by the patient and the other is put on the vial of blood drawn. The person's name never appears anywhere.

The blood sample is then sent to a laboratory in Burlington, where it is tested for HIV antibodies. The results normally take about two weeks. When the test results are obtained, they are forwarded to the Department of health.

In order for the patient to learn the results of the blood test, he or she must call the hotline again to make an appointment to meet, in person, with a counselor from the department. After the patient produces the proper code number for their vial of blood, the counselor will reveal the results of the test.

"Regardless of the outcome of the test," said a counselor from the hotline, "we will not release test

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Social House

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pledge classes already in progress, we have serious concerns about reaching the one-third gender requirement."

Student Government Association President Rita Glavin '93 agreed that the group has "their work cut out for them."

In particular, Glavin said that the organization would have to hammer out "specifics in terms of pledge programs, recruitment and the obtaining of one-third men."

Despite these difficulties, Glavin said she supported the creation of the new social house and noted that the group has "a lot of good ideas."

Community Council Co-Chair Brendan O'Leary '94 also reacted favorably to the proposal, saying that it was just what "the Community Council was looking for when it opened the application process."

He went on to say that he believed the group "will add a lot to the social system, being that they are the first social house that does not derive from a fraternity. I'm glad we gave them a shot."

Dean of Students Ann Craig Hanson also had positive comments on the unique perspective the group will bring to campus: "It's nice to have a co-ed social house coming from a formally all-female organization."

Student Activities expects to receive a constitution from the group in coming weeks which, among other things, will probably contain the official name of the new organization.

For the remainder of the spring, as the group tries to meet college regulations, it will be eligible for funding as an official Middlebury College social organization.

Grand and Horton say that they expect the equivalent of a "rush" to begin soon after the constitution is submitted.

Sophomores Kirtley Horton and Vicki Grand. *Photo by Roberta Stewart*

Product	*College Store*	*Ben Franklin*	*Grand Union*
6.4 oz. mint-flavor Crest toothpaste	$3.19	$2.39	$2.23
4 oz. Elmer's Glue	1.59	1.39	.79*
4 bars Ivory Soap	1.65	1.39	1.39
Eveready Flashlight	1.89	2.19	1.79
Stabilo Boss Highlighter	1.79	.85	NA
Scotch Tape	.90(13 yds.)	.89(13 yds.)	1.39(30 yds.)
Post-It Notes	1.00 for 100	.99 for 100	1.79 for 300
Marble Notebook	6.35(lab)	2.29(composition)	NA
Three-ring binder	22.65	3.99	NA

**Represents a generic brand.*

College Store

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Peabody acknowledged that cleaning products as well as health and beauty aids cost less at Ben Franklin and Grand Union, but explained this is because the chain stores buy in bulk. "Especially when they run a sale, we look like we're really gouging people, and that's not our intention," he said.

The bookstore offers convenience that is attractive to students too busy or wary of frostbite to trudge into town for a new bar of soap. The prices tend to be higher, but many feel it's worth the extra dime to avoid the trek through three feet of snow.

Peabody urged students to shop around. "If you're in a hurry to get your laundry done and you need a bottle of Tide, then pay our price. If you have the time to plan ahead, you might want to go to the supermarket for a better deal."

Bookstore profits are allocated as funding for financial aid, library books, salaries and utility bills. "I wouldn't want to make the claim that your tuition will go down if you buy things at the College Store," Peabody remarked. "It may simply mean that it won't go up as much."

Employees at the bookstore repeatedly reiterated their desire to serve the college, refuting the belief that students are taken advantage of simply because they have nowhere else to go.

Peabody has been working at the bookstore since 1962, and his pride in the establishment is apparent as he discusses his approaching retirement in June. "Middlebury College has been good to me," he said.

"I enjoy working with students, all the time seeing fresh ideas and enthusiastic, energetic people. Next year, I'll probably still wander on the campus just to soak up some of this ambiance."

HIV testing

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results over the phone. We will only do it in person, in a environment where, regardless of the test outcome, we can advise clients on either how to manage their HIV-positive condition or how to avoid contracting HIV in the future."

The counselor also warned of the shortcomings of an HIV test. "There's a 'window period' of about six months between the contraction of the HIV virus and when antibodies will begin to show up in the blood," he said. "A HIV test done now will only be able to show that you weren't HIV-positive in August."

Any student with concerns about the HIV virus or an interest in being tested for AIDS is urged to contact the health center or the AIDS hotline at 1-800-822-AIDS.

Blizzard

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ment of security guards and buildings and grounds crew remained on call during the storm.

The sheer size of the storm was unprecedented since the advent of modern tracking equipment. When the edge of the storm first struck New York City early on Saturday, the center of the storm was still over Georgia. The low pressure center of the storm, one measure of the storm's strength, was the fourth lowest, and therefore most powerful, in history.

Most students took the storm in stride. For those willing to brave the elements, the Mill held an early '80s party. Many students frolicked in the snow, and one young man was observed streaking during the height of the storm. As for rating the storm, Bryan Wockley '94 said, "I was disappointed. It was a letdown. I wanted more."

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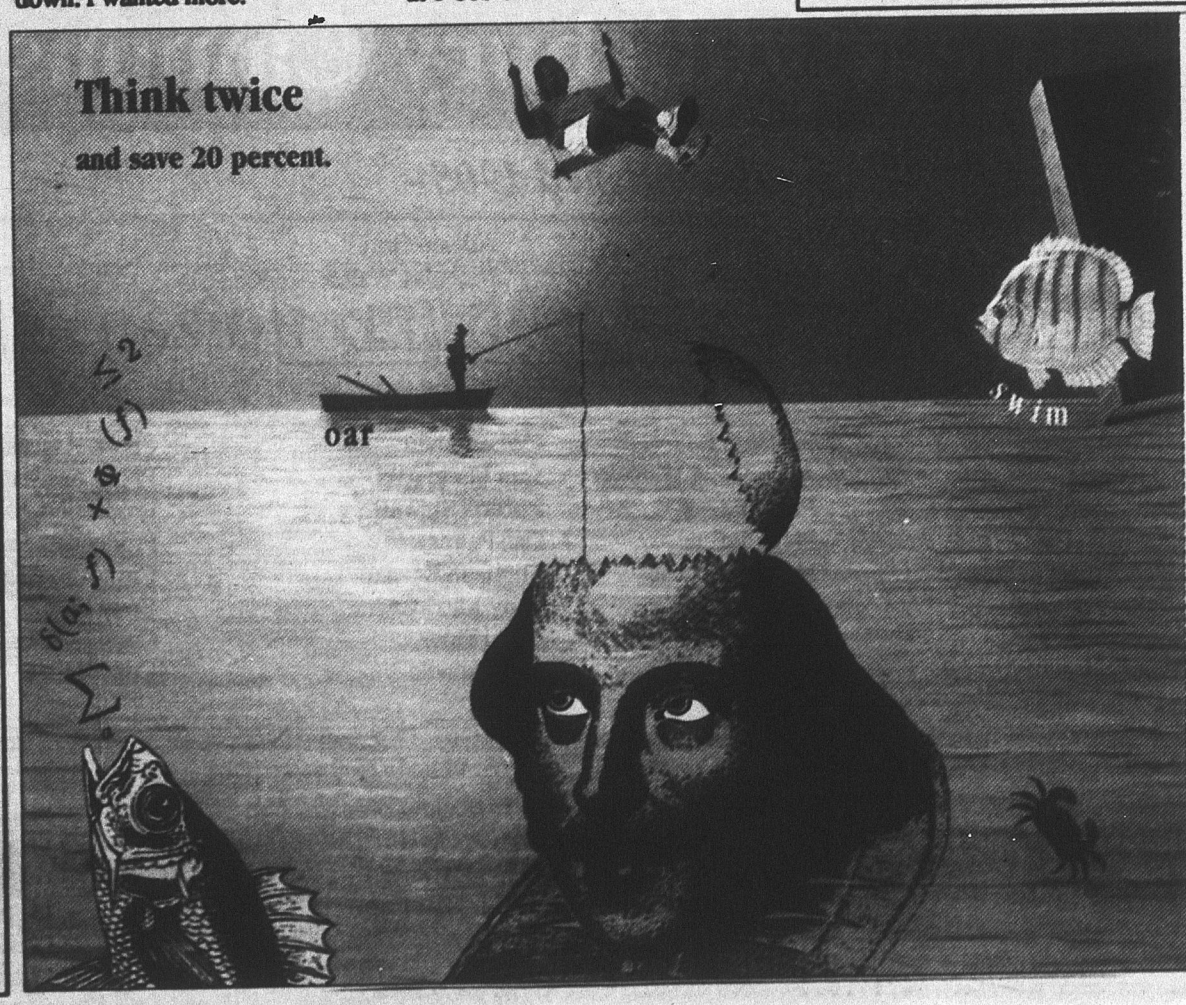

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EDITORIAL

Staff warmth thaws blizzard's chill

Saturday morning the college braced for "the storm of the century." As over two feet of snow blanketed sidewalks, roads and driveways, the possibility of long-distance transportation vanished as quickly as the bare rooftops. Drifting snow made travel by car virtually impossible; powerful biting winds made walking difficult and even dangerous.

As most of us huddled inside to wait out the blizzard, members of Dining Services faced a dilemma: if they managed to depart from campus, they would be blocked from traveling back the next day. Instead of gambling — or hoping — that they would be prevented from returning to the college to feed Sunday morning's hungry mouths, 20 workers, in a touchingly magnanimous action, spent Saturday night sleeping in Proctor Hall and the SDU's.

The most moving aspect of this action is the fact that it was entirely voluntary. The staff was genuinely concerned about how the students would eat if the workers could not return, so they sacrificed their peaceful rest to ensure the school's smooth operation.

All over campus, staff members rallied to maintain student comfort and safety. Security rose to the snowy occasion by working extended hours over the weekend. Lieutenant Bob Malone stuck out 32 straight hours of duty, and Dixie Bassett, the dispatcher, stayed on for three shifts in a row.

Several members of the physical plant proved their dedication by plowing, shoveling and being on call for emergencies, such as power and heat failure, all night long. College switchboard operator Betty Beck worked two times her normal shift to maintain open phone lines.

The Crest Room was closed for part of the weekend due to lack of staff, but after hearing Beverly DeGray speak of her devotion to the college (the Campus, March 4, Features profile), it would be impossible to argue that it was because the employees didn't care. "You have to like what you're doing and who you work with, and the students make that easy here," DeGray claims.

Carl Peabody, who has worked at the College Store for over 30 years, is a similar example of staff excellence. Peabody will retire after this academic year, yet he claims that his enjoyment of "fresh ideas" and "enthusiastic, energetic" students will draw him back to campus for rejuvenating visits.

Undeniably there are many other staff members who pledge their time, patience and affection to Middlebury students on a daily basis. They have not slept on Proctor carpets, but their smiles and serious work speak of reliability and good will. The generous sacrifices which staff members make for the students and college are not always well-publicized, but their pride in selflessly serving the community is deserving of recognition.

The Middlebury Campus

- Established 1905 -

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OPINIONS

DKE president addresses college community

To The Student Body: I am going to let you in on the best kept secret in the state of Vermont: Middlebury College's long-term social goal is to establish the Commons System. This excludes fraternities, sororities and, yes, social houses as well. As far as the Trustees' support of the social houses goes, it doesn't mean anything.

In 1985, Delta Kappa Epsilon had a legal contract with the school declaring the college's support of DKE, and when the college banned fraternities, they sort of ignored the contract. The $3,000 that the Trustees gave to the social houses out of their pockets is peanuts compared to a legal contract. Why didn't the social houses have the foresight to demand $3,000 from the Trustees per term for the next 20 years? *That* would have been a statement of support.

If you still don't believe me, take a walk into the Emma Willard House. Prospective students don't see advertisements for our Co-educational Social House System; they see advertisements for the Commons System. The college wants to attract students who want a Commons System because it is the future of this college.

Step back and take in the big picture: social houses constitute a very smooth transition step between what dominated this campus for over a century, fraternities and sororities, and what the Administration hopes will dominate the campus for some time, the Commons System (what Trustee Pat Palmer has called the Middlebury Miracle).

President of the College: If his handling of the off-campus fraternity issue is indicative of his political savvy, Middlebury has a bright future. He managed to publicly distance himself from this entire issue until he cleanly executed the final policy. As a follow up, he made the single most progressive, yet least understood, move for this college over the long haul: he convinced Chi Psi to come back on campus.

In case you were among the 97 percent of the college community which missed the President's endorsement of Chi Psi's proposal, let me tell you, it was sharp. By focusing the debate on the wording of the proposal and taking for granted Chi Psi's honesty, he robbed the Community Council of their chance to examine Chi Psi's intentions, perhaps the greatest threat to the approval of their proposal.

Yet, he did not make the Community Council appear completely insignificant; after all, he is letting them determine the wording of the proposal. We should all be impressed by our President's sense of perspective: he knew our goal, the Commons System, and realized the best means to an end, getting one of the last fraternities to the transition stage between the fraternity system and the Commons System.

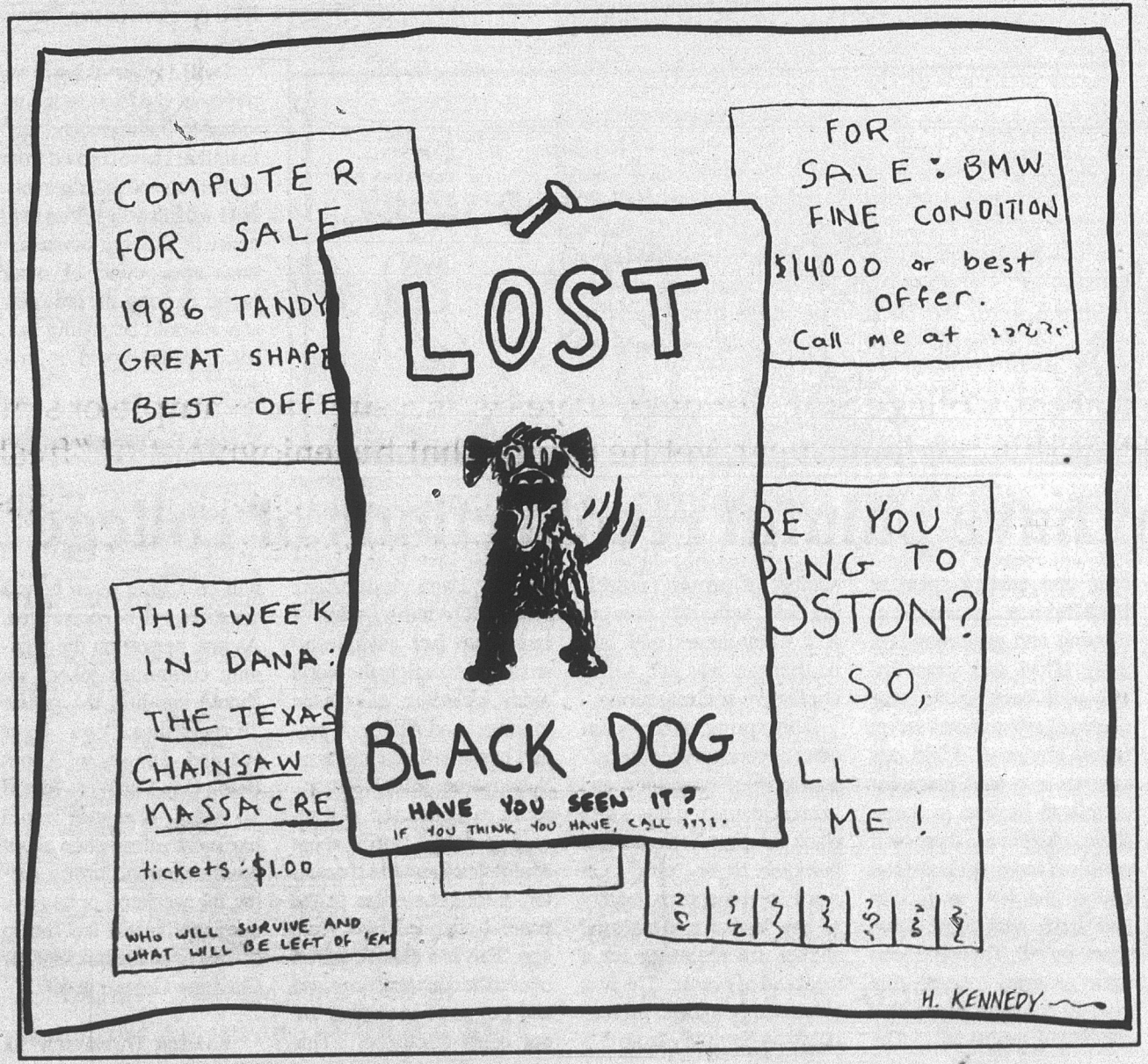
President of the Student Body: In last week's Campus she complained that communication regarding the President's endorsement of Chi Psi's proposal was poor. After all of her work on this issue, she really should have been in the communications loop. She did not deserve to be ignored. Nevertheless, she should catch her breath and approve of Chi Psi's proposal because it is consistent with the long term goals of the college.

One other interesting observation: after she zealously justified the death penalty for fraternities by arguing that it would produce a greater sense of community, I wonder how she felt as she watched the President of the college use the same community argument to endorse an apparent *violation* of the same policy. Maybe that community argument isn't as strong as she first suspected.

Student Government Association: In 1990-91, the SGA voted to keep fraternities by a vote of 37-15. This decision was subsequently overturned by Community Council and ignored by the President. What made anyone think that Community Council or the President would listen to the 23 to 28 votes for any of the bills in 1993?

And for all of the praise the SGA has received for the six weeks of deliberation on the off-campus fraternity issue, why didn't the SGA vote on the final policy? And if the President of the Student Body represents SGA in Community Council, why did she zealously fight for the death penalty for fraternities without first knowing how her constituents felt about it? Why hasn't a single

(continued on page 8)



Diversity discussion requires sincere intentions

While I commend the amount of dialogue created in response to Danielle Berry's article addressing the issues of diversity at Middlebury, I have also been greatly discouraged by the direction this dialogue has taken.

Ms. Berry addressed the very important issue of the "patterns of separation" at Middlebury, yet I strongly believe the point behind this issue has become blurred in the responses.

As a student of African American, Native American and White descent, I have continually struggled with where and how I should attempt to "blend" into the Middlebury community. I have experienced direct racism on both sides: I have been looked down on because of the dark color of my skin, and I have also been told I am "too white" to fit into the African American community.

Yes, there are definite patterns of separation on this campus, as there are in the "real world." It would be foolish to believe otherwise. Yet it is not a fault/no fault issue. Unfortunately, this is the direction the recent letters seem to have taken. It is a "them" and "us" attitude, an attitude that in its exponential growth continues to further destroy the opportunities for open communication between the differing ethnic groups at Middlebury. It is the careless tossing about of terms such as "exclusivity" and "diversity" that I see to be most damaging to our community as a whole. There is the underlying tension created by such language to "diversify" the campus, yet it is not my, nor any other student's responsibility to educate the campus community on what it is to be a minority.

And yet there is the pressure to create distinct ethnic groups, under the false illusion that a stronger voice of a race will enable people outside of that race to understand its true components. I say this is a false illusion because, in my experience, I have never seen it to work.

Yet, perhaps this is some of what may be behind the "patterns of separation": simply a need to be seen as part of a whole. Perhaps I am naive. Perhaps I am idealistic. Perhaps I have simply not yet learned that one cannot convince another to listen for the sake of truly hearing what one is saying. Perhaps. But I do not think so.

I am writing this letter because I have faith that there are those who are willing to listen without discriminating, that there are those willing to dispel labels that only serve to further miscommunication, that there are those willing to understand that true diversity is not about battles with words, but rather about accepting all people as individuals and not as a part of an ethnic whole.

In "The Women of Brewster Place," a novel by Gloria Naylor, a woman

(continued on page 8)

When I'm Dictator...

Jonathan Maziarz

While the injustices perpetrated on this campus are many and grave, some become more evident at Mid-Term Exam time. What I'm referring to is the imbalance that exists between how many hours Joe Science Major like myself attends class every week, and how many hours Joe Humanities Major like one of my housemates goes to class.

For me an average semester load is 18 to 22 or more hours, not counting labs that run late, field trips on weekends, and extra lab sessions to complete work that could never have been finished in the allotted time. Compare this to the 10 to 12 hours my housemate goes to once a month or so. But wait, you say, maybe it's time I shut up and stopped complaining about my situation. After all, I did chose my Marquis de Sade major. Ahhh, this is where I reveal the true injustice.

I go to 21 hours of scheduled class per week, but get the same credit on my transcript as an English major who attends 10 hours per week. Is this fair? I think not. Why do I receive no credit for my labs? I could not seem to get an adequate answer. One person propounded the asinine position that I was getting more hours of instruction for my tuition dollar, so I should be over-joyed to even have a lab, credit or not. My response to this cretinous assertion was fine, double the length of every other class on campus without compensation and see how happy people are. I daresay this would not get much positive feedback from all the slackers around campus.

The deficiency of credits is merely one of the atrocities endured by science majors. Another is the Science Center itself. Now, I'm not going to say that Johnson didn't need to be replaced, but did we really need the $23 million debacle that is the Arts Center? Maybe the priorities of past administrations caused a new science center to be overlooked, but when I hear science faculty describing their facilities as glorified high school set-ups, it saddens me so.

There are those who would point to the new ventilation system as a step in the right direction, but that

(continued on page 8)

Stereotyping of white women is detrimental to all women

I am writing in response to an article written by Chad Cooper which appeared in the most recent issue of the *Artemis*. Not only as a woman of color, but even more importantly as a Middlebury student, I found this article highly offensive, ignorant and absolutely disheartening. It seems to me that this college, especially the African American community, has done a great deal to promote cultural diversity and understanding. I commend this effort and all those who support it. But at the same time, I find myself thoroughly confused, discouraged, and frustrated upon reading an article like Mr. Cooper's.

In his article, Mr. Cooper stated that if he were to date a white woman, he would be "selling out" women of color. I find this view to be diametrically opposed and counterproductive to any sort of efforts to promote racial harmony and integration. It is his right, of course, to date whomever he chooses, but it is most certainly not his right to counsel others on who they should and should not date, especially when this decision is to be based on race and skin color. Moreover, I find his generalizing description of white women absolutely revolting, unjust and unfounded. I do not understand why it is acceptable to make such blatant stereotypes about white women, when it is not, and should not be allowed for any other race.

I am in no way attempting to trivialize the struggles and suffering that Africans have endured throughout history. I also do not think there is any way to make up for it, least of all by African Americans refusing to date outside of their race. If African Americans have indeed "forgotten and disrespected the struggles and injustices that [their] sisters underwent..." as Mr. Cooper states, then that should be remedied. However, it will not, and can never be remedied simply in the way which Mr. Cooper would advocate.

I do not understand why it is acceptable to make such blatant stereotypes about white women, when it is not, and should not be allowed for any other race.

At the risk of sounding politically incorrect, I pose this question to Mr. Cooper, and anyone else who shares his beliefs. How would this campus have reacted had that same article been written by a white male, who stated that by dating anyone who was not white, he would be "selling out" white women? I would venture to say that such an article would be immediately cast as racist, and that many students on this campus would be outraged.

Though I am sure that many members of the African American community would wholeheartedly disagree with me, I found Mr. Cooper's article to be prejudiced and closed-minded, deserving no place in a magazine which was supposed to be celebrating women of color, not degrading white women. I find it hard to believe that someone would actually choose their mate according to the color of his or her skin. Mr. Cooper, you deserve to be happy — everyone does. And if the woman you love makes you happy and vice-versa, then you are both very lucky people. But if you have chosen each other based solely on the color of each other's skin, which is what you made it sound like, then I find that very sad.

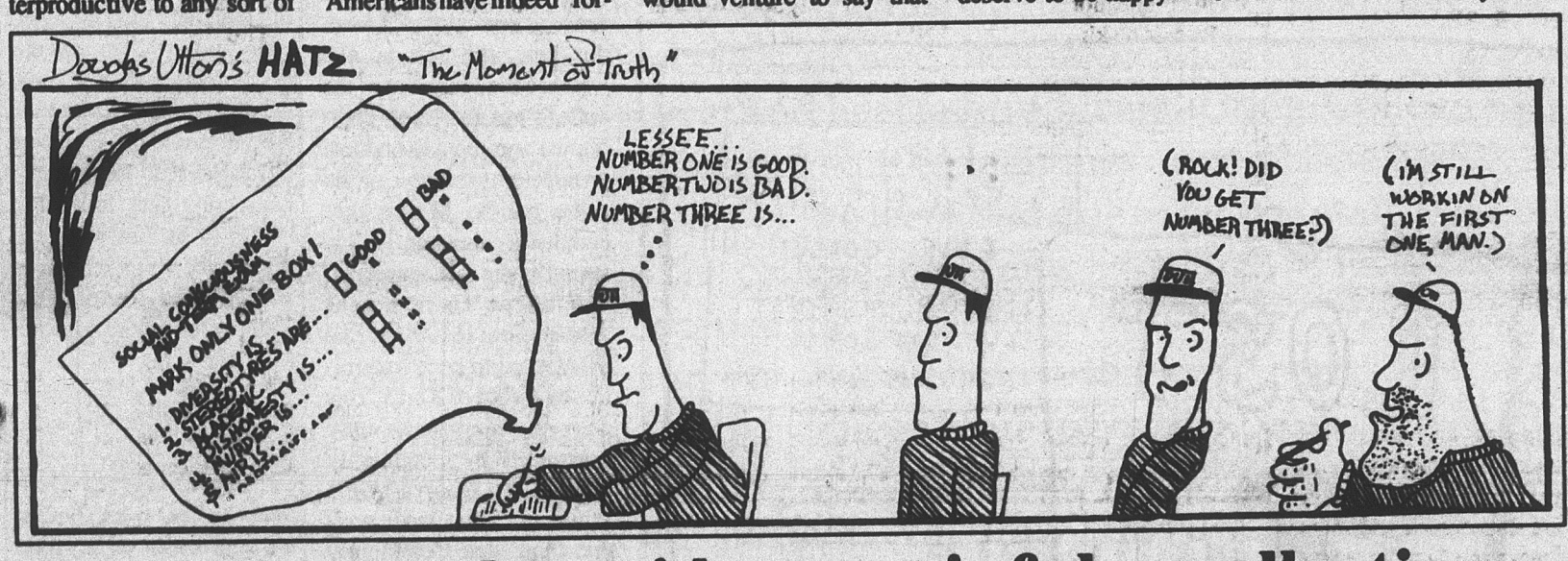
If I were white, after having read Mr. Cooper's article, I would have been furious. If minorities on this campus, and anywhere in the world, are striving for racial harmony and unity, this certainly is no way to achieve it. How can anyone be expected to want to learn about another culture, no matter what culture it may be, when he or she knows that the only thing they will be met with is a wall of bitterness and hatred?

I am hoping that because I am a woman of color, what I have to say won't simply be cast off as written by someone who doesn't know what they are talking about because they have never experienced the ugliness of racism or prejudice. I have grown up all my life as a minority in a predominantly white community and found it extremely difficult at times to have pride in who I am and where I come from.

I do know what it is like to feel inferior, inadequate and yes, at times even a bit ashamed because of the color of my skin. But I have since grown up and have become quite secure in knowing exactly who I am and what my family's culture is all about. I do not need to date within my race in order to keep my heritage intact. This of course, does not mean that I am at all opposed to dating within my race; I am just reiterating the point that it seems rather sad to me that people would consciously limit themselves to a certain race.

I will do everything in my power to hold fast to the invaluable traditions and customs that I have learned from my parents and grandparents, but I will also try just as hard never to shut out other cultures and people of other races. To do so, the only person I would be selling out, Mr. Cooper, would be myself.

Nirupa Purushotham '94


Douglas Utton's HATZ "The Moment of Truth"
SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS ABILITY TEST
MARK ONLY ONE BOX!
1. DIVERSITY IS...
2. STEREOTYPES ARE...
3. RACIAL DISHONESTY IS...
4. PRIDE IS...
GOOD
BAD
LESSEE... NUMBER ONE IS GOOD. NUMBER TWO IS BAD. NUMBER THREE IS...
(ROCK! DID YOU GET NUMBER THREE?)
(I'M STILL WORKIN ON THE FIRST ONE, MAN.)

Homosexual alumni have painful recollections of college

In November of 1990, five Middlebury alumni came to campus to discuss what their lives were like while at Middlebury and what they have been like since their graduation. The factor that tied these alumni together was that they were (and are) homosexuals. At the time, I was not sure that a "straight" student would be welcome to attend [their talks], but I felt that I wanted to attend anyway. I arrived late, sneaked into the back row, and did not participate in the "discussion time" at the end of the panel.

Even so, what I heard and experienced during those two hours has changed the rest of my time on this campus. The people on the panel were what one would call "Midd Kids" in every way. They were friendly, attractive, full of energy and obviously very intelligent. However, they were also people who, on the whole, had many hard and unhappy times while at Middlebury. A few had been open about their sexual orientation during their college years, but the majority had felt that Middlebury was not a safe place for them to be "out." I vividly remember one woman discussing the fact that looking back, she feels that she didn't have any "real" friends while at Middlebury.

When I think about the time and energy spent at Middlebury scamming, scoping and gossiping, the daily effort and stress involved in keeping the issue of sexual orientation a secret seems immense.

She kept a part of herself, the fact that she was a lesbian, from even her closest friends and roommates for four years! Remaining "closeted" for one's college years is, unfortunately, very common. One of my closest friends while I was a student told me she is a lesbian last spring, a full year after we graduated. Though we had been very close all four years, she had never felt safe enough in the small Middlebury community to tell anyone, even her closest friends.

When I think about the time and energy spent at Middlebury scamming, scoping and gossiping, the daily effort and stress involved in keeping the issue of sexual orientation a secret seems immense. Until this campus is a safe place for people to be true to themselves, however, there will continue to be students and alumni, as well as faculty and staff, with these same stories to tell. There has been great progress towards this goal in the past years, this recent fall specifically. The number of people possessing and actually wearing ALLY buttons and pink fabric triangles was and still is impressive and reassuring.

This spring, there is another opportunity for the college to voice its support and interest in making this a safe place for gays, lesbians and bisexuals to be "out." On April 3 and 4, approximately 15 gay, lesiban and bisexual alumni are returning for a weekend of events. The first event will be a panel presentation on Saturday from 3-5 p.m. in Dana Auditorium. This will be a discussion of issues that face gays, lesbians and bisexuals in the world today, including "gays in the military" and AIDS. A second panel will take place on Sunday from 1:30-3:30 p.m., again in Dana, and will include personal stories about Middlebury and life thereafter, a format similar to the panel I attended two years ago. This is a chance for all of us to be educated on issues and points of view that are not often discussed. This will be a time when honest questions will be encouraged. As one person on the planning committee joked, we should sub-title the panels "Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Being Gay But Were Afraid To Ask." If anyone would like more information about other events occurring during the weekend or has any questions, please feel free to call me at extension 5894, or Christine Gresser at 6071.

Kristen Gustavson '91

Separatism cannot be blamed on "them"

Much attention has recently been given to issues of racism and separatism at Middlebury.

What strikes me about this debate is that while everyone agrees that problems of racism and separatism do exist, many assign the responsibility for finding solutions to *someone else*.

Danielle Berry began the debate with her assertion that minority students here should reach out first. Jennifer Petruchione's response to Danielle was that the responsibility is hers to seek out the minority community, not to wait for them to educate her.

Many other students have also written to the Opinions section echoing both Jennifer and Danielle's views, giving many justifications for why the responsibility for change and progress lies with anyone but them, and for why they maintain their personal stereotypes.

Get out of your kindergarten sandbox. Bickering over why someone else should make the first effort towards solving problems of racism and separatism will not solve these serious problems. Such behavior only exacerbates these problems, and increases the levels of tension and hostility.

Everybody can contribute towards making racial relations more harmonious; whether it be on a visible level of dedicated involvement to the African American Alliance and similar groups, or on a more subtle, but by no means insignificant level of personal resolve to abolish their own stereotypes, regardless of previously negative experiences.

Many on this campus do make a commendable concerted effort on many levels to eradicate racism and separatism, but it is necessary for everyone to get involved. Forget about whose job it is to make the first move, for that job belongs to everyone.

Middlebury should channel the energy currently being wasted on finger-pointing and assigning blame into fixing these problems. By taking this action, great strides will be made towards bringing nearer the day Martin Luther King, Jr. envisioned, when children will have to ask, "What does 'racism' mean?" for there will be no examples of that obsolete practice. May that day come within our lifetimes.

Johanna Chapin '94

Pissed at Sharon

NOT YESTERDAY
NOT TODAY
NOT EVEN TOMORROW
NOT EVER
WILL I LET SHARON
TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF ME OR USE MY
GENDER AS A TOOL
IN HER VINDICTIVE WARS
WHEN WILL SHARON
LEARN THAT I
AND OTHERS LIKE ME
AM TOO INTELLIGENT
TO BE USED AS
AN AUDIENCE FOR HER
BADLY WRITTEN
POEMS OF HATRED
I AM NOT AN
EXTREMIST
NOR AM I A SUPREMIST
AND I WILL NOT
BE MANIPULATED
BY HER ANGRY
ULTRAFEMINIST
DOGMA
WHEN WILL SHARON
LEARN
THAT MEN ARE MY
FRIENDS, MY LOVERS
MY FATHER, AND MY BROTHERS
I WILL NOT HAVE
THEM ATTACKED
BECAUSE OF THEIR SEX
MEN ARE NOT
PUNCHING BAGS
FOR HER TO INSULT
STEREOTYPE AND CONDEMN
MEN ARE
INDIVIDUALS
AND THEIR FAULTS
AND THEIR QUALITIES ARE
UNIQUE TO EACH
WHEN WILL SHARON
LEARN THAT BIGOTRY
IS NOT THE ANSWER TO
THE PROBLEMS OF
SOCIAL INEQUALITY
WHEN WILL SHE
LEARN
TO ACCEPT MEN AND
TO HONOR THEIR
INDIVIDUALITY
UNTIL SHARON
LEARNS
TO RESPECT MEN
SHE IS A HYPOCRITE

Andrea Zlotucha '95

Sexual myths are racially offensive

The article "A Word to My Brother," written by Chad D. Cooper and printed in *Artemis*, was the most disturbing piece of student-written literature I have read since coming to Middlebury. Not only was I appalled by the blatant racism of the article, I was scared by the underlying assumptions used in his argument.

All women throughout history have been subjected to oppression by men and the consequences of holding an inferior place in society. All women, regardless of color, religion, or nationality, have been victims of crimes such as rape, sexual assault, physical and mental abuse. To imply that the plight of African American or Latina American is completely separate from that of caucasian American women is a gross aberration of the truth.

To imply that the plight of African American or Latina American is completely separate from that of caucasian American women is a gross aberration of the truth.

A word to my sisters: it should be demeaning to all women that a man has tried to divide us and judge us separately. Many of our experiences have been different and our histories aren't the same, but haven't we all suffered enough?

To my great disbelief, the article goes even further in implying that not only are caucasian American women unvictimized by society, they are sluts, too. Saying that we "make the first move to get you into bed" and want to know about "'the rumor (of black male sexual prowess)" is the same as saying that all we want is sex, more sex, and the best sex.

It is the same as saying that caucasian American women like myself have no morals, no virtue, and care nothing about the privacy of our own bodies. All you guys need to do is keep our endorphins flowing and we'll be satisfied for life! If these statements were true, there should be nothing from stopping us from doing porno films, acting as prostitutes, or engaging in any other activity physically demeaning to women.

If these statements were true, there is no reason for caucasian American women to operate businesses, hold political office, or otherwise participate productively in American society. If all we want is physical pleasure, there is no reason to believe that we are capable of mak-

(contined on page 8)

En Agora
(In the Marketplace)
Danielle Berry

Just as I was beginning to worry about a topic for this column, the *Artemis* staff was kind enough to publish two of the most tasteless pieces of (dare I say?) literature I have ever seen. The first is a poem by Sharon Van Wright entitled "Pissed at Men" and the second is "A Word to My Brother" by Chad Cooper.

Ms. Van Wright's poem concludes with the statement that "Until men learn to respect women/ Men are dogs!" Not only does this statement reflect a gross over-generalization about the male sex, but it minimizes the effectiveness of the rest of the poem. Last week, Jim Rodda creatively illustrated the fundamental error of such sweeping abstractions. What's more, this statement places men on the defensive and encourages more hostility than reflection.

Prior to making this statement, Ms. Van Wright wonders "when will men learn/ that women are individuals/ with intelligence and feelings/ just like them." This leads me to question where, exactly, this leaves women? If all men are dogs and the primary goal of the feminist movement rests on achieving equality with men, how do women figure into this hierarchy of beasts? While Ms. Van Wright argues that women deserve men's respect, she deems it necessary to denigrate men as a means to this end.

More than any other factor, this defeats her argument as, according to the poem, women can aspire to be little more than dogs. By necessarily implicating herself, and the rest of the female race, Ms. Van Wright hinders the progress of the feminist movement more than she advances it. Bestiality is a serious charge. It requires, at minimum, concrete evidence and specificity to substantiate it. Not only does Ms. Van Wright offer neither, but she unwittingly degrades herself, and all women, in the process.

Mr. Cooper, on the other hand, does not merely overstep boundaries with unsupported generalizations about one sex, he leaps beyond the realm of tact by focusing upon the white woman's quest to know if "'the rumor' (of black male sexual prowess) [is] true." Supposedly, this little inquiry justifies Mr. Cooper's plea to "[his] brothers" not to "be fooled by media images of the perfect (white) woman."

The crux of Mr. Cooper's argument rests on the thinly veiled assertion that white women interact with men of color for no other reason than the fulfillment of a primal desire. Supposedly, these women "will take [an African-American man] to bed...but they will never take [his] black ass home to Daddy." Mr. Cooper's authority on this? A woman of color. Why, one may wonder, did Mr. Cooper not ask a white woman her reasons for dating a man of color? Or, why not ask a woman of color why she would date a white man? It seems that Mr. Cooper has gotten little more than half the story and taken extreme liberties with the scarce amount information he does have. These specific examples, in and of themselves disturbing, pale in comparison to the underlying theme of the essay which Mr. Cooper admits "may sound very racist to some." Not only does it seem to be racist, IT IS. By no stretch of the imagination would it be acceptable for an author (of any race or gender) to suggest that women of color throw themselves at white men in an attempt to verify myths about sexual abilities. Yet, Mr. Cooper can make a similar assertion by reversing the races of the parties. This troubling pattern is repeated throughout the essay; a fact which becomes clear if each occurrence of the word black (or "of color") is replaced with white and vice versa.

Does this qualify the work as a racist statement? Well, consider the implications if these terms were reversed. Suppose the author espoused his belief that white men should only date white women to ensure that none of their (the white men's) success could benefit a woman of color. Sounds pretty racist, doesn't it?

The fact that *Artemis* printed either of these works amazes me. They both propagate the generalizations and labels which Abigail Cohen accurately denounced last week. Neither writer contributes to the education of his or her readers nor to their "liberation" (one of the editor's stated objectives for the magazines). Why, if we keep saying we want to move forward, do we continue to take steps backwards?

Cultural events are open and plentiful

Beth Tuttle and Danielle Berry are correct when they maintain that diversity can only come at the price of tolerance and acceptance, two things which will only arise out of communication and education.

Ms. Tuttle is also right when she understands that her shame comes from the fact that the extent of her communication only occurs in the Campus, and, what is more, her letter is enough to drive anyone away from her.

Ms. Tuttle calls herself culturally illiterate when it comes to African American culture and claims that she has not been given an opportunity to learn anything about diversity because of the "exclusive practices" of African American students on campus.

I wonder where Ms. Tuttle was when the Harlem Spiritual Ensemble or In Process came to perform, when Bertice Berry spoke, when Bertice Berry did her comic performance, when Catherine MacKinnon delivered a lecture about African American women's literature. Where is she at the Thursday night African American Alliance meetings, the open-house of the Bi-Cultural center, at any of the multitude of activities, including chapel service, during the Alumni of Color weekend, at each and every African American Alliance or Bi-Cultural event or party, at the "Somethin' like Paradise" performance (an energetic celebration of African American culture written by a Middlebury student) or even the auditions for the upcoming African American Alliance fashion show?

I could go on and on about all of the lectures, films, discussions and activities related to sharing and celebrating African American culture, heritage and people. These are only some of the influential and moving events held this year alone.

Aside from the scheduled events, I promise that if Ms. Tuttle walks to the Bi-Cultural Center, someone will be there to greet her and give her a tour of the house, the budding library and the artwork that adorns the public spaces. Members will explain the history, the function and the activities that go on in the house. It is never too late, even for a senior like Ms. Tuttle.

If that doesn't tempt Ms. Tuttle, maybe she should have thought about taking one of the African American literature, history, sociology or music classes. Maybe she could have chosen to write a research paper on an African American historical figure, That's how I first really learned about Frederick Douglass — I wrote a biographical piece about him in an English class!

Don't be afraid to place the blame where the blame really lies. If Ms. Tuttle is culturally illiterate, then she has squandered a good deal of her student activities fee which helped to finance some of these events and she shortchanged herself. Bertice Berry was the funniest act I saw all year and the Harlem Spiritual Ensemble was enough to make me feel like I could move mountains.

I do not know the situation behind what happened to inspire the insult "damn white bitch" but I trust that more transpired than Ms. Tuttle mentioned in her letter. I am inclined to think the comment may have had reference to prior events between Ms. Tuttle and the accused. One has to wonder what was left out of this story. Such information might justify or condemn the remark, but without contextual evidence, I cannot feel sympathy or anger for her situation.

Ms. Tuttle, just for a moment, step out of your own shoes. Forget that you have had a bad experience. Now, try to imagine how students on this campus become close friends. 1.) Shared experience and interests. 2.) Genuine interest in one another and enjoyment of time spent together. Your friends are people with whom you are comfortable and happy. When the students of color sit at the "black table" (although black students are not the only people who sit at this table), they are merely enjoying the same environment that you enjoy among your own friends.

These are the same reasons why anyone associates with the people that they do, the reason that you enjoy the comfort and the solitude of your friends. This table is not off limits to white students — on occasion, though admittedly rare, I have sat there. At first, this change causes a momentary stir, but so does anything else that is a deviation from normal routine. Then, it is just like any other meal.

Stop generalizing. Every student who sits at the "black table" also sits in every other part of every other dining

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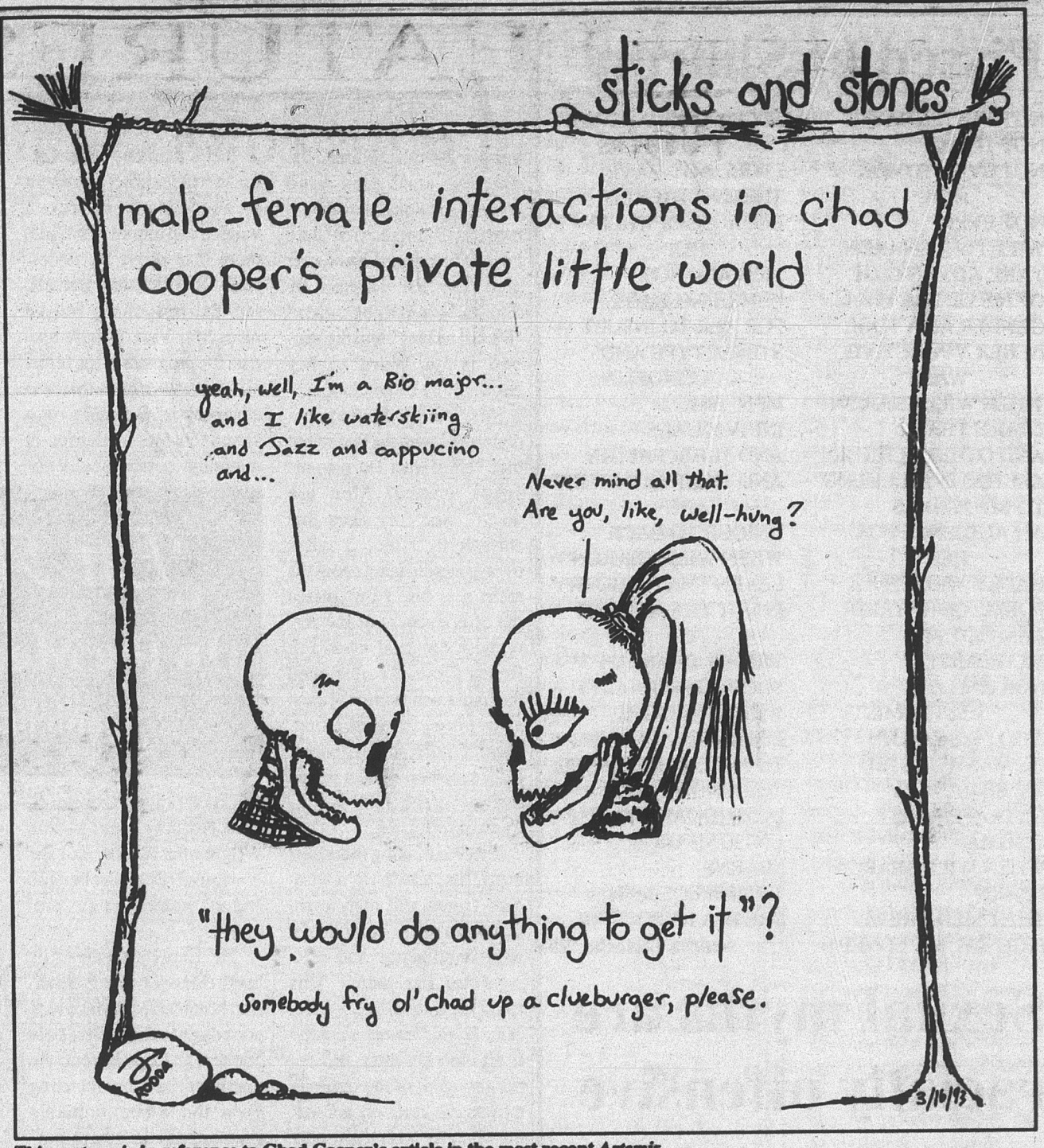
Middlebury's own Top Ten list

Top 10 *Least* Overheard Statements Made by Middlebury Students

10. There's so much to do around here!
9. I agreed with Danielle Berry's article.
8. Yes! Shepherd's pie!
7. This is the fifth day in a row I've gotten mail. Will it ever stop?
6. I'm either going to go to the library and do my Japanese homework or do a lot of drugs and crash the DU semi-formal.
5. They should serve cheese bread more often.
4. When are we going to get some real snow around here?
3. I may disagree with the decision, but I think the trustees know what's right for us.
2. Well it's about time they raised the tuition again.
1. I've got a job, a date, I've finished my thesis, and I don't have the flu. Think I'll go volunteer at the local school with all my free time.

Have a good break everybody!

Mark Feldman '94


sticks and stones
male-female interactions in Chad Cooper's private little world
yeah, well, I'm a Bio major... and I like waterskiing and Jazz and cappucino and...
Never mind all that. Are you, like, well-hung?
"they would do anything to get it"?
somebody fry ol' Chad up a clueburger, please.
3/16/93

This cartoon is in reference to Chad Cooper's article in the most recent *Artemis*.

Myths

(continued from page 7)

ing sound judgments, providing for ourselves or acting independently. I thought the suffrage movement already dispelled these beliefs.

Since none of these statements are true, there is no reason why Mr. Cooper had to maliciously degrade caucasian women in order to elucidate his respect and admiration for African and Latina women. I am very happy Mr. Cooper has found a wonderful woman to love. I hope he treats her with more respect than he does women like myself. I also hope that in the future when a magazine like *Artemis* is dedicated to a worthy subject like women of color, trashing of other types of women will be unnecessary to celebrate their own individuality.

Elizabeth Ann Malkerson '95

Dictator

(continued from page 5)

leads to two facts. One, there were only two working fume hoods before the update, hardly an adequate amount, and two, I don't think it's too much to ask to have the building free of lethal gases. Some of us who spend inordinate amounts of time there appreciate the effort, but it was way past due, and way short of what's really needed.

The other grievous problem with our Center of Sciences is the utter lack of space. A quick poll of friends at other small liberal arts colleges (Take heed Old Chapel, this is the competition I'm talking about. At $24,400, folks are gonna get a bit choosier about where they spend it) revealed that science majors doing theses had their own offices, and often their own labs, to do work. Here we have faculty and up to three students sharing a lab designated for one.

Some faculty don't even have their own lab. It's a wonder we've managed to attract such fantastic faculty considering what they are offered.

Finally, there is the Science Center Library. It is affectionately referred to as "The Submarine" due to its claustrophobic feeling, poor lighting, prison-grey paint, and metal floors. And it's not even a cool submarine — it's a '50s era Soviet model complete with bad plumbing and that sense of imminent doom. God bless the saints who work there each and every day; they deserve better than to be sequestered in Middlebury's own Gulag.

I could go on about the deficits of the science library and I will. Half of our journals are in Starr because there is no space. More and more journals are on annoying little microfiches to save space. One of the staff told me a story from when it was worse. At one point books had to be stacked on the floor due to the space crunch. Trustees were touring the Science Center, and remarked on the poor condition and general messiness of the library. New shelves were installed that week. I think we need a few more Trustee visits.

Let's face the facts. Our science facilities are woefully inadequate and at least 10 years out of date, an eternity in the fast moving world of science. If Middlebury is committed to attracting top level science students and faculty, and interested in retaining them, something needs to be done soon.

DKE

(continued from page 5)

SGA member asked these questions before the SGA?

Community Council: Their comments in the Campus last week hint that the President's endorsement of Chi Psi's proposal has vexed them a bit. Ironically, it appears that Community Council's rabid hatred of fraternities has blinded them from seeing that Chi Psi's proposal is the last nail in their coffin.

Ignore the fact that a "fraternity" will exist on this campus within a social house; it will only last as long as Community Council wants it to exist, if they approve Chi Psi's proposal.

Approval transforms a former underground and off-campus fraternity into an on-campus social house. This means that any social policy from this point forward affects six houses, not five. So when Community Council reforms or eradicates the social houses, it incidentally reforms or eradicates Chi Psi, which will be a social house called the Lodge. None of this will be possible if they veto the offer. A veto further invites an underground fraternity to continue in a location which is already established and increases the likelihood that the college will have to suspend or expel students.

The Trustees: I am not certain, but rumors are circulating that Pat Palmer and Bob Youngman co-authored two upcoming books entitled, "Disingenuous and Condescending Praise" and "The Renaissance of the Neo-Puritan Agenda on New England's Small College Campuses." Expect releases and a lecture series after one of the upcoming vacations. Advanced copies for the SGA and Deans of the college.

Chi Psi's Proposal: An example of both a strong and a weak decision: strong because Chi Psi chose to do what they eventually would have been forced to do, and weak because they had no other choice. It was tough to see at the time, but their proposal may have killed the O'Leary-Citrin Bill. Although the President of the college privately admitted this, I am not certain that he meant it.

Judge Cashman: God Bless.

Brent A. Cossrow '94

Cultural

(continued from page 7)

hall. Some black students NEVER sit at that table. Forget the color lines and think of people as people. I eat with the same people, lunch and dinner, every day!

The only exception is when I am invited to eat with someone else or there is a special event around mealtime. I have fallen into a convenient routine; it is not because I do not enjoy the company of others. Eight times out of 10 you will see me eating at the round table near the back of Proctor. Look for me tomorrow, I'll probably be there with a bunch of people, most of whom are white.

Friendship and acceptance are two-way streets; you have just as much responsibility as anyone else if the lines of communication and understanding are to be opened. The Campus is a good forum to begin the dialogue, but there are a lot better ways to start than by making everyone angry. The real benefits come from the people AND the words on the page.

Information + action = real knowledge and tolerance. Indirectly, this equation also begins to equal diversity. If you really want to learn something about African American culture, show some respect. Don't take one comment out of context and generalize it to mean that African American students do not want to share themselves or get to know other students.

If you think that I am rude, I am sure you do not think that all white women, or all white women with brown hair who live in Starr, share my attitude. Make the analogy — there will always be some hostile people, white, black and every other color. Do not take this to mean that one attitude represents the whole. You will have to cross many barriers before you will find your reward, but believe me, it is well worth the adventure. In the process, you may find that you learn even more about yourself than you do about other people and other cultures.

Holly Cookis '93

Diversity

(continued from page 5)

speaks passionately about what it means to be a minority, and I think her vision is one far too few people recognize: "I am alive because of the blood of proud people who never scraped or begged or apologized for what they were. They lived asking only one thing of this world — to be allowed to be. And I learned through the blood of these people that black isn't beautiful and it isn't ugly — black is! It's not kinky hair and it's not straight hair — it just is."

Eleonora Holley '93

FEATURES

RANDOM NOTES

Chris Piehler

I'm starting to get a complex. I keep writing about less-than-world-shaking matters like toe-nails while all the hard-hitting, issue-oriented campus writers are tackling such weighty subjects as cheese bread, social houses, diversity, social houses and social houses. In order to avoid having "Fluff Writer" carved on my gravestone, I've decided to jump into the fray and offer my response to the outburst of special interest houses.

As far as I can tell from recent campus events, the attitude of a lot of Middlebury students seems to be, "I came to college to live with people who are exactly like me." All sorts of "special interest" groups have decided that in order to convey the fact that they're an important part of the community, what they really need to do is huddle together in one house where no one will ever see or hear from them again.

OK, fine with me, but what about the folks whose interests aren't so special? Say I kinda like baseball or really enjoy macramé. Where, I ask you, is the Weekend Sports Fan House? Or, for that matter, the Lots of Bracelets and Plant-Holders House? Where, in short, are the Mundane Interest Houses?

These are urgent issues that must be addressed, and I hope that some day some responsible and motivated SGA member will do so. As for me, I'm perfectly willing to go with the current of the times. Therefore, I hereby propose a new special interest house to serve the needs of a shamefully overlooked sector of the college population.

I refer, of course, to the slackers. For those of you who are unaware of the vast subterranean slacker subculture, I feel it is my duty to spread the word. My pet dictionary, Webster, tells me that the word "slacker," meaning "one who shirks work or obligation," was coined in 1898. If one looks carefully, though, the roots of slacking can be traced as far back as the Middle Ages.

Slackers of all ages look back

(continued on page 10)

Woody and his cows dominate the art world

By E. J. Meegan

Seems like March may be the cruelest month this year. It sure has started off in a vicious mood. Chaos reigns in the New World Whatcha-Hooey, bad luck reigns in my personal life, and badness reigns everywhere else. Two-bit terrorists managed to mangle the World Trade Center. My burly American car managed to slip out of gear, down a hill and into a very-expensive-to-fix foreign foo-foo car. Even President McCardell has lost his marbles. Seems like everything is just plain wrong.

It was in this dark funk that I dragged my battered behind out of bed at mid-morning to talk to megastar local artist Woody Jackson. And it is in only a slightly better mood that I will now relate his story to you, gracious reader.

On the way over to Cash Cow, I mean Holy Cow Inc., I tried to relax and think about the matter at hand. The only question my honed reporter sense could come up with was, "Where is Jimmy Hoffa?" Once I got there, however, my keen turkey sense kept me from asking it. Holy Cow Inc. is right out on Seymour Street in Middlebury. It's in a pretty white building with green shudders and some plywood cow cut-outs outside. The Holy Cow outlet store is on the first floor, and Woody's studio and base of operations is upstairs.

Woody, if you've never seen pictures, is one Joe-average looking guy. No black turtlenecks and berets for this artiste. He prefers jeans and a humble shirt and relishes the fact that his plan to never wear a suit, ever, has worked thus far. He doesn't see any time in the near future when he will be in a position to have to submit to donning that symbol of impotence.

Woody Jackson and two of the cows that made him famous. *Photo by Christina Perry*

A nice lady led me upstairs, where Woody and I sat down for a little conversin'. Instead of finally busting open the Hoffa story, I chose to open our talk with the more conventional, "So, how'd you get started?" Who knows how many times he's been asked that same question. As he spoke, he sifted through a big fat folder full of clippings telling the same story filtered through different writers and different editors. It's still a nice story though.

Woody was born a small white boy in New Jersey. He came to Middlebury with no idea what he wanted to do. As he finished up his history major he realized that his true calling lay in the world of studio art. In his junior year he took an art course and a photography course. He showed me a print of John Lennon that was among his first works. It was very nice. Woody studied design with Dave Bumbeck and considered changing his major but, "it was too late and it didn't matter." It was the '60s.

He graduated in 1970 with that history major and proceeded to live the life of a communal-minded hippie. With the help of a trust-funded friend, a small band of graduates managed to buy a small farm on the west side of Snake Mountain. There he was free to pursue his interest in the arts surrounded by all manner of creativity. Pottery and handweaving became big occupations in Middlebury.

Yet these crafts could never hope to top farming. Woody and his companions soon became interested in subsistence agriculture. He sums up his '60s experience saying, "The whole era had a lot to do with food." His stories of easy livin' where beginning to warm the dark embers of my soul. My dim mood brightened as the advent of his cow-ness loomed.

In 1972 the commune fell apart due to what Woody calls "too many cooks." Plus, he admits that, like many idealistic hippie folk, they were too young to make a long-term commitment to farming. Upon the collapse, Woody retreated to New Hampshire to paint a bunch of pictures that would get him into a swanky art school in New York City. Big bad Appleville could only hold Woody for so long 'til his fascination with the Champlain Valley sucked him back to Vermont.

(continued on page 14)

Steve Prescott '93 relaxes on the summit of Mount Mansfield, Vermont's highest peak. *Photo courtesy of Steve Prescott*

Lost? Try hiking the Long Trail all alone

By Chad Bryant

At about this time last year Steve Prescott '93 had an idea. Instead of snow, Middlebury was covered with mud, ugly mud, and, like most who survived that season, Prescott's thoughts turned towards summertime plans.

By the end of July, Prescott had not forgotten his winter daydream, and decided to hike the length of the Long Trail. For those who know Prescott, it was no surprise to discover that he had meticulously planned every detail of his trip. The proud owner of the only alphabetically-ordered compact disc collection in Vermont, Prescott likes order, from his prefectly combed hair down to his worn but somehow spotless hiking boots.

Even Prescott could not have foreseen some of the problems that arose during his trip, however. More importantly, he could not have predicted the adventures and personal changes he would experience while spending a month alone in the Vermont wilderness.

According to the "Guide Book of the Long Trail," published by the Green Mountain Club, the Long Trail covers approximately 265 miles of Vermont, running from the Massachusetts state line to the Canadian Border. Only 30 percent of the trail is on private lands, and 70 shelters dot the trail to allow for overnight safety and comfort.

Trial by mud

Billed as a "footpath in the wilderness," the Long Trail is famous for its "steep, boggy and rugged" terrain.

Work on the trail began as early as 1910 when the Green Mountain Club was formed. The purpose of the organization, as founder James P. Taylor stated, was "to make the mountains of Vermont play a larger role in the lives of the people." Maintenance of the trail remains the Club's primary function.

(continued on page 14)

Uncovering bedroom secrets

Students respond to Proctor sex survey

By Sara Schick

"Sex at Middlebury? Where? Oh, I see. You want me to fill out a survey about *sex at Middlebury. Hmm... Suddenly I hear my friends calling me in the TV lounge. Gotta go."*

This was a common response to a survey conducted by the Campus at Proctor last Saturday evening. Other students managed to avoid the pollsters by pretending they didn't see the table stocked with all of those potentially harmful survey sheets with the innocent little three-letter word "sex" at the top.

Then there were those suckers who eagerly confronted the survey, ready to become a Middlebury statistic and, oh boy, perhaps even get their name in the Campus! By the time these individuals got to the fourth question, however, and read "Are you a virgin?" their faces flushed, and they nervously tittered as they headed off to some dark corner of the lobby away from any scrutinizing friends.

Finally, there were those who were very confident about their sexuality — or maybe they just wanted to get the poll over with quickly and get in line for those tofu steaks before they ran out — so they checked off their answers in full view of the poll-takers. Of course, we didn't peek.

Anyway, whatever category you are in, thanks for taking the time for such an important task.

OK, now for the results. There is quite a discrepancy between the number of men and women who have not had sex on campus. Eleven percent of the males surveyed have never had intercourse, compared to 30 percent of the women. This may be a faulty statistic due to the fact that many students were confused about what "sex" entailed and put that they were virgins in the literal sense, but had had "sex" with multiple people, meaning they included fooling around in their definition of "sex." One woman claimed she was a "born-again virgin" — probably not by choice due to the sarcastic exclamation point scrawled across the bottom of the page. And for the person who wrote that he wasn't sure, well, Gary Margolis' extension is 5141.

Some people's first reactions to this difference between men's and women's responses were predictable. "Middlebury women are so repressed," one junior eloquently put it. This person may be interested to know that whereas only 40 percent of the men surveyed are happy with their sex lives, over 60 percent of the women are content with theirs, some especially due to their state of virginity. As one woman claimed, "I have an incredible boyfriend and we're waiting."

Question five asked when students lost their virginity. Most of the students claimed they took the plunge between the ages of 16 and 18, although a few were broken in at the pre-pubescent age of 14. Cradle robbing? Interestingly, an overwhelming majority of women had sex for the first time at 16, giving the phrase "sweet sixteen" a whole new meaning. One male couldn't remember the exact age at which he first had sex — perhaps the same confused soul who wasn't sure whether he had even had the experience.

Twenty-five percent of the men polled lost their virginity at Middlebury, compared to 34 percent of the women, indicating that more men were sexually experienced before matriculation. However, convocation does not happen until three or four days after the first-year students have arrived on campus, which may alter the statistic. Everyone remembers those romantic orientation-week ice cream socials.

Question six, "How often do you have sex per week?" stumped a few students who spent a few moments counting on their fingers. Some needed both hands, whereas others put the big zero and moved on muttering, "This didn't take long." Some put zero but clarified that they had a significant other elsewhere. There were a couple

Illustration by Liz Craig

fractional answers, meaning two things: that they interpreted the question to mean an average amount or that they began to have sex but only made it to the three-quarter or .009 mark, wherever that may be, before their cursed roommate walked in. Most likely the former explanation applies.

Other answers ranged from the horny "not nearly enough" and "whenever I can get it" to the abstinent "none." There were those who claimed to copulate five to seven times per week (one person with an abundance of endurance claimed 10 occurrences), but the majority of those who did have sex regularly usually did it one to two times every week. An encouraging statistic to compliment this is that 91 percent of the women polled were monogamous as were 74 percent of the men.

Question eight asked how many sexual partners the student has had in his or her lifetime. These answers ranged for both sexes as well. Most women have had one to four partners, but there were the occasional energetic responses of eight and nine. Males' answers concentrated in the lower single digits as well, although one person lost count, one answered approximately 70, and one first-year student, who claimed he lost his virginity at college and doesn't use birth control, boasted 28 partners. Yikes.

These outrageous answers bring into question the amount of lying that took place. Remember that these surveys were answered in a highly public place and most likely the student's best friend was answering his survey immediately to his right casting unsubtle glances towards his buddy's responses. Is this person actually going to answer that he's only had sex with one other person? Not! Cheers to the brave souls who did sacrifice an element of studliness and answered honestly.

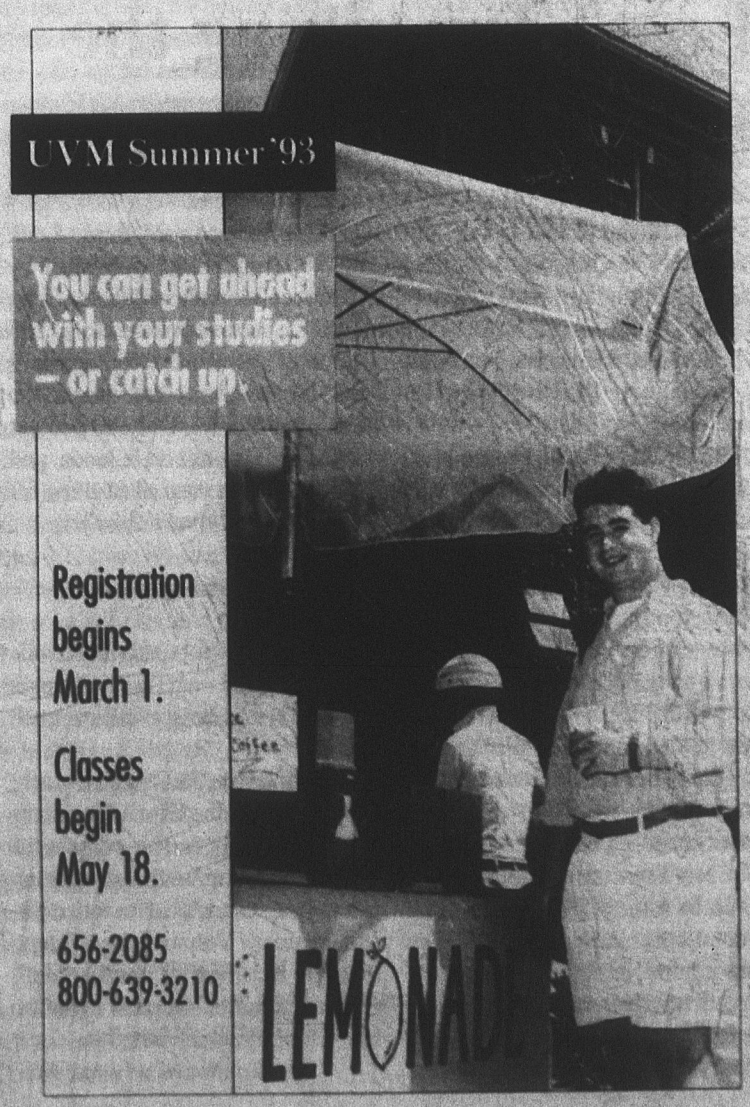
The last question, and undoubtedly the most important, dealt with birth control. Over 93 percent of both sexes use birth control of some form. Thirteen percent of the men had partners who use pills compared to 30 percent of the women respondents who used them, and condoms were used by about half of those who responded. These numbers indicate that probably most "relationships" here are short term, some much shorter than others, in which condoms are the obvious choice. Pills seem to be reserved for the pseudo-married couples. The stats are alarming, though, in the sense that pills protect from unplanned pregnancy, but not STD's. One individual had this fact in mind and circled all four types of birth control, including "other." This person spends a lot of time in the drug store.

Not many students took advantage of the final request for comments, but there were a few which demonstrate the frustration on campus about not only people's sex lives but about the dating scene in general. One woman wrote, "The non-dating thing here sucks." Another expanded by saying, "The dating scene at Middlebury is very unhealthy. Prospects for good relationships here are very poor, for relationships rarely last more than a night or a week."

The men were more brief in their comments, and some were more descriptive, such as this articulate senior who exclaimed, "Hot damn, I love kinky sex! Leather is a good thing." This person probably travels to the ever-entertaining exotic dancing "TRIPLE XXX" in Montreal on weekends to see Buffy and Ken, the bodacious duo. Another senior explained, "The general attitude toward sex is poor. Few people seem to feel comfortable about the subject, not to mention confident."

The results of the survey seem to indicate that, excluding those who are in steady relationships, students at Middlebury are sexually active but not necessarily happy with their situation. The survey did not ask much pertaining to "dating" per se, but from the comments, it appears that students would rather be in a situation more conducive to knowing the person's name before doing the wild thing with him or her.

So if you are chewing your third tray of ice cubes of the day and wondering if you are the only one with numb gums, take solace in the fact that those who are not are not necessarily better off than yourself. OK, maybe just a little.



RANDOM NOTES

(continued from page 9)

wistfully to the so-called "Golden Age" of slacking when King Reginald the Really Relaxed ruled the tiny country of Slaque, located in the southwestern corner of what is now France. Due to the fact that television hadn't been invented yet, the population busied itself with the national pastime, a game involving two flat rocks, some string and a blueberry. Historians would know more details of the activity if the population hadn't been too lazy to give it a name. Nevertheless, for a few years back there in the twelfth century, Slaque was a really mellow place to live.

Unfortunately, Slaque was conquered in 1111 by its highly motivated Gallic neighbors. Although it lost the single battle of the oft-overlooked Fifteen Minute War, it won international acclaim for its army, the "Slaqueurs," who wore their coats into battle tied around their waists and whose most vicious martial maneuver was to wander off aimlessly, saying things like "Harken, dude, methinks this would maketh a killer climbing tree" or "Forsooth, stout yeoman, let us lieth down and count ye blades of grasse."

Modern-day slackers shun war. In fact, they shun just about everything but eating, watching MTV, consuming corn chips and taking the occasional good, deep breath. In order to allow them to pursue their chosen lifestyle at Middlebury, a few changes will have to be made in the physical set-up of the college.

First of all, the Slacker House will have to be built somewhere inside Proctor Hall so that the slackers won't have too far to go to get some chow. And since reading, rereading and eventually making origami pterodactyls out of letters is a major part of the slacker routine, a special delivery Trustee will have to be hired to save the slackers the hassle of opening those pesky combination-lock mailboxes.

Even the most ignorant bystander realizes that slackers certainly can't be expected to go to class. I suggest that the college hire a few talented minstrels to sing lectures (to the tunes of, for example, "Fire on the Mountain" and "Franklin's Tower") that would provide the slackers with at least the rudiments of a liberal arts education and would finally give the underappreciated Grateful Dead some collegiate airplay.

Needless to say, every slacker's room has to come equipped not only with the standard telephone, but also with a fully-stocked nacho bar, Nerf basketball hoop and a Nintendo system complete with the series of Mario Brothers games.

There is also incense to be considered. It must be burning constantly to maintain that bohemian, semi-Oriental ambiance and air thickness most conducive to effective hanging out.

The cream cheese icing on the carrot cake of my concept is naturally an appropriate politically correct euphemism for "slacker." I submit "energetically diverted" and the apparent oxymoron "hyperplacid."

For more information on the Slacker House, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Allow 4-6 months for delivery.

Matzoh: Not just for soup anymore

By Janine Zacharia

In a few weeks when you head to the toaster oven to brown your bagel, you will encounter a blue and white box with the name "Streitz" written on it. Inside you will find a large, flat, rectangular, onion/egg- or plain-flavored, cracker-like food.

You may be slightly stunned and ask yourself, "Hey, wasn't Chanukah in December? What's this stuff doing here again in April?" Do not panic. You have every right to be confused about the reappearance of this odd-looking and tasting substance. Someone in dining services simply mistook the Festival of Lights for the Festival of Unleavened Bread.

Never fear though, you lovers of bread baked without yeast that has only as much taste as you imagine it to have! The college is certain to get it right this time when the eight days of Passover are celebrated, beginning on April 5.

Some of you may be wondering what this Passover thing is anyway, besides a time when Jews drink sweet Manischewitz wine and eat stinky, gray-colored stuff from a jar known as gefilte fish. You may also be curious to know why some Jews sacrifice bagels, cereal, pasta, cheesy bread, bran muffins, danishes, chocolate brownies and pita pockets to indulge in this taste bud-teasing delight known as matzoh.

It all started a long, long time ago in Egypt when the Jewish people were slaves of Pharaoh. (Those of you who have seen "The Ten Commandments" will already know this story, so this will be a review.)

God summoned Moses to liberate the Egyptian Jews from slavery. Moses warned Pharaoh that if he did not free the Israelites, God was going to be slightly perturbed. Egypt would be afflicted with 10 plagues, the last of which would be the death of the first-born son of every Egyptian family.

Pharaoh was stubborn, and unfortunately for the Egyptians, the Nile turned to blood. Not even plagues of frogs, lice, wild animals, cattle disease, boils, hail and locusts plus three days of darkness "so thick it could be felt" could convince him that God was not just pulling a fast one.

The day before the killing of the first-born sons, Moses told all the Israelites to slaughter a lamb and spread some of its blood on their door posts so that when the Angel of Death made his rounds the next day, he would know that an Israelite family lived there and would "pass over" (in Hebrew "pesach") the house.

After the tenth plague began, Pharaoh finally got a clue and decided to free the Hebrews. The Jews left in such haste that the bread they were baking for the 40-year voyage did not have sufficient time to rise. What they ended up with was matzoh. Thus, Jews to this day substitute matzoh for all those yummy bread products containing flour which has fermented in order to commemorate this speedy exodus and to remind themselves, as Rabbi Joseph Telushkin says, that "it is better to live in freedom and eat poor food than to remain in slavery and eat well."

Now that you know the Passover story that is recorded in what is called the Haggadah and is retold at the annual family Seder, here are a few tips on eating matzoh. First, it's not as tasteless as some people think. It's a lot like tofu: alone it tastes almost as airy as rice cakes, but eaten with another food it's pretty yummy. You can put practically anything on it. Recommended toppings are apple butter, cream cheese, jelly, peanut butter, honey or tuna fish.

Second, if you choose to make a sandwich using two pieces of matzoh, beware that it may crumple and disintegrate as you take your first bite. To avoid this dilemma, try making small, open-faced sandwiches.

Third, do not try to melt cheese on matzoh in the microwave! If you attempt this feat, you will end up with matzoh metamorphosed into rubber that will adhere to the roof of your mouth. You will then proceed as subtly and inconspicuously as possible to dislodge the cheese/rubber combination with your fingers and tongue and will consequently look very silly in front of your friends. Your best bet is to keep matzoh away from the microwave at all costs.

Along these same lines, never put matzoh in the toaster oven. If you do, one of two things will happen: the matzoh will either never come out of the toaster, causing machinery blockage and a large cloud of smoke that will set off the Proctor fire alarm, or you will figure out a way to get the matzoh out of the toaster but will mistake it for a piece of charred wood.

If you're a first-time matzoh eater looking for the tastiest, safest, least embarrassing experience with unleavened bread, your best bet is to go with the traditional move of cream cheese spread thinly over the piece of onion/egg-flavored matzoh. Gradually, as you become more experienced, you may want to experiment.

So when you go to Proctor during the week of April 5, be a little creative, get into the Passover spirit, skip the snowflake rolls and try some matzoh.

Burning Questions

Illustration by Amanda Frankel

By Nick Nicholson and Bill O'Bryon

Q: Do all Gypsies speak the same language?

— Karthik "Salome" Achar '93

A: Nope.

Q: What is the difference between wood, timber and lumber?

— Shawn "Loft Guy" Henry '93

A: According to "10,000 Answers to Questions," "the term wood is of general application and covers both timber and lumber. Timber is wood suitable for use in buildings, carpentry, etc., whether in the tree or cut and seasoned. It is also applied to forest land covered by trees producing such wood. Lumber is timber which has been sawed or split for use as beams, boards, planks, etc."

Q: I never hear anything about my favorite author, J.D. Salinger. Is he still writing?

— Richard M. Gronda '93

A: According to his literary agent, the 74-year-old Salinger does continue writing; however, he does so only for personal pleasure. The author of "The Catcher in the Rye," "Nine Stories," "Franny and Zooey" and "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenter" has not had any works published for 30 years but continues to live comfortably on the royalties from his works. When once asked why he only writes for himself, Salinger said, "I'm known as a strange, aloof kind of man. But all I'm doing is trying to protect myself and my work."

Q: A lady friend I have over in England told me that while Princess Diana remains everyone's favorite royalty, Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, is extremely unpopular. She indicated that there was even talk on the Continent that Fergie and her two daughters might move to the United States! Is there any truth to this conjecture?

— Carlos "One time me and my friends..." Lopez-Gottardi '93.5

A: According to our man in Buckingham, the Duchess of York's biggest supporter and closest ally in the famille royalle is none other than the Duke, Prince Andrew. Despite their marital differences and Fergie's topless exposés in the tabloids, Andy has been a frequent caller at her residence-in-exile outside of London. There are no indications that Fergie may make a move stateside, but some royal-watchers do suspect a potential reconciliation between husband and wife.

Fun with food

The longest cooked noodle (939 feet 11 inches) was made in Louisville, Colorado, by four families who joined recipes and noodles for eight hours on September 1, 1985. They built a special 20 x 5-foot cooker and used 230 pounds of charcoal, 50 pounds of flour and 36 eggs.

In August of 1988, a 1,500 gallon milk shake was made in a 40-foot milk truck in New Haven, Connecticut. Since then, this category has been eliminated from "Guiness" because it has become a contest of truck size.

Stiff sentences

A 10,000-year sentence was imposed on Deuel Wilhelm Davies, 40, on December 4, 1981, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, for a triple murder. One victim was his mother-in-law.

A sentence of 384,912 years was *demanded* at the prosecution of Gabriel March Grandos, 22, at Palma de Mallorcha, Spain, on March 11, 1972. This sentence, recommended for the offense of failing to deliver 42,768 letters, translates to nine years imprisonment per letter.

Famous people who never went to college

1. Amelia Earhart, disappearing female pilot
2. Paul Gauguin, French guy who painted lots of naked natives
3. Ernest Hemingway, macho author/ bull fighter
4. Abraham Lincoln, president with a beard
5. John D. Rockefeller, really rich guy
6. George Washington, noted denture-wearer
7. Virginia Woolf, writer of long sentences
8. Rudyard Kipling, author of the "Just So Stories"

Sources: Boy's Life, "10,000 Answers to Questions," Jugs Magazine, Family Circle, Parade Magazine, The Duxbury Clipper, Highlights, "The Book of Lists" and Soldier of Fortune Magazine.

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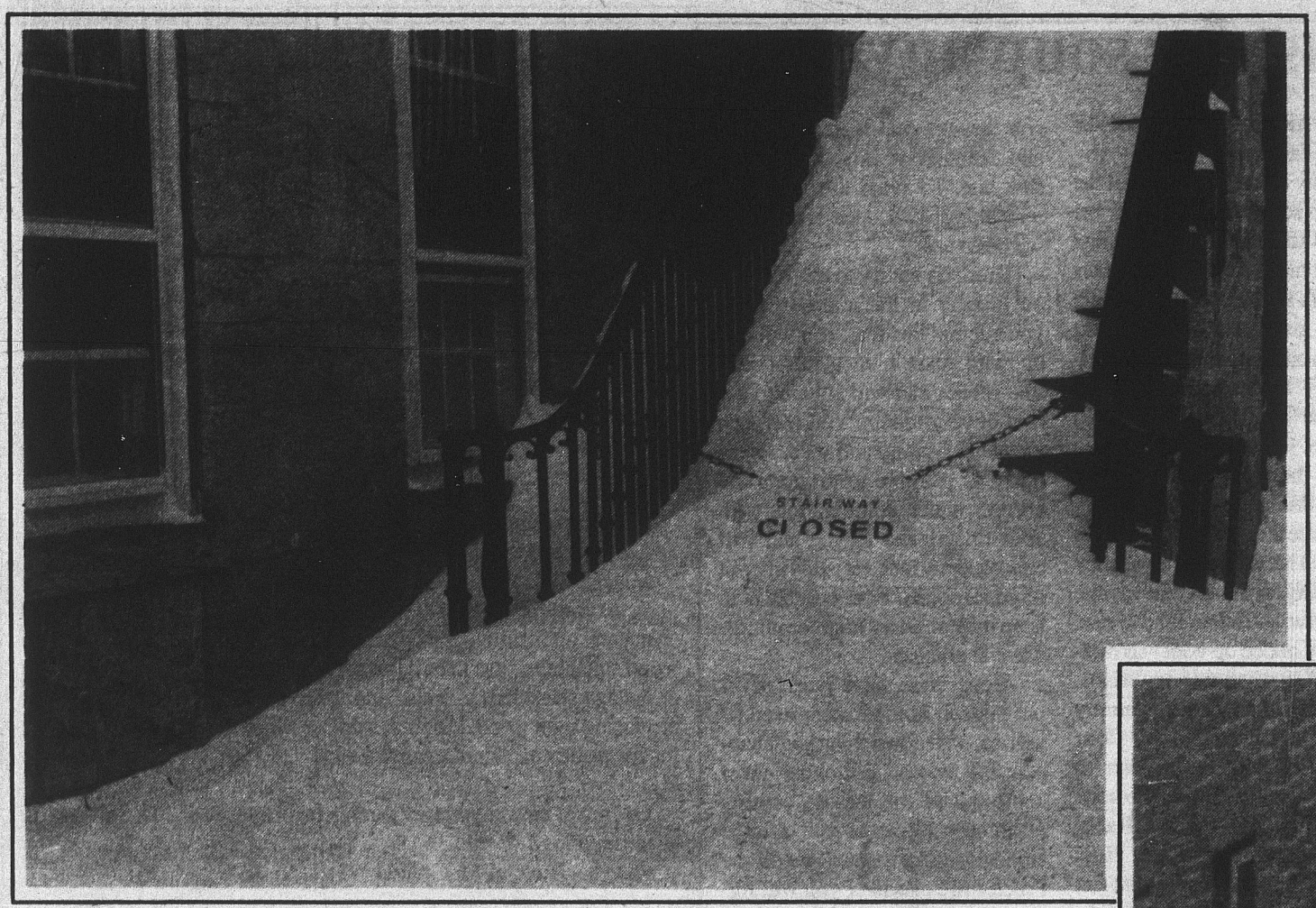

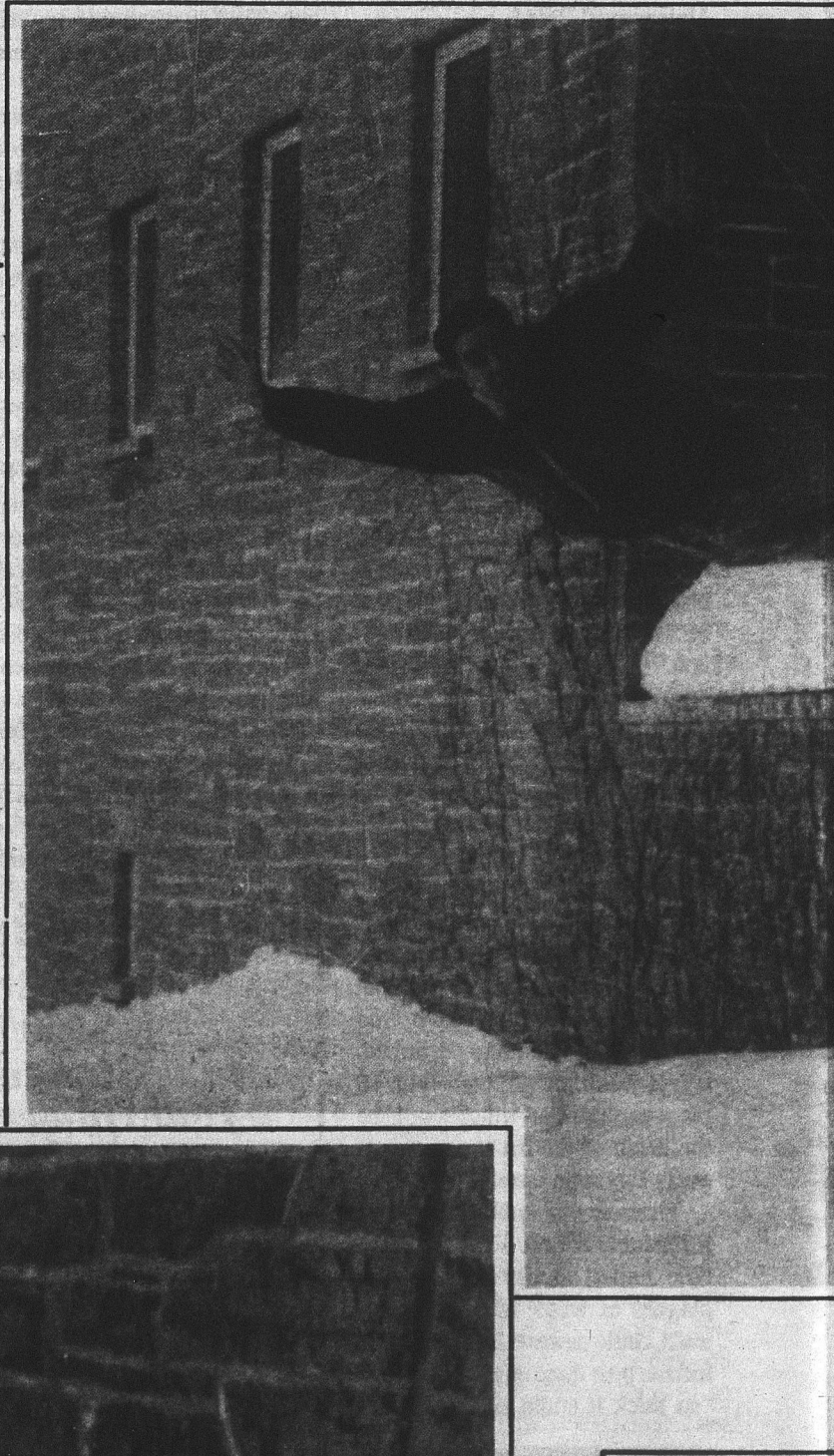

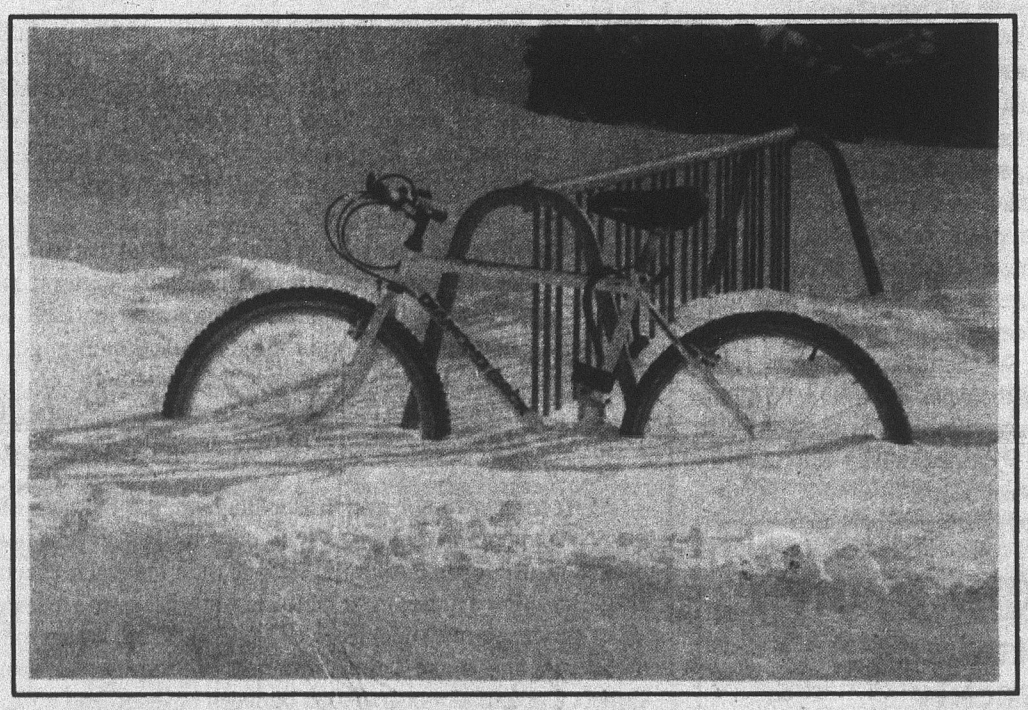

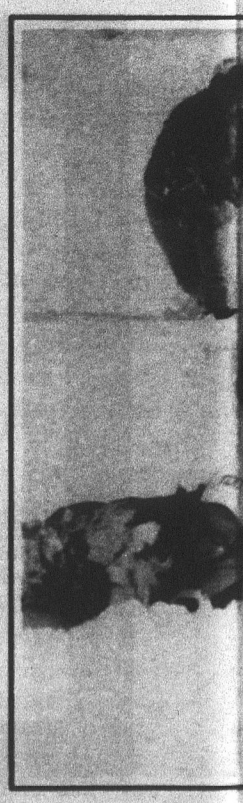

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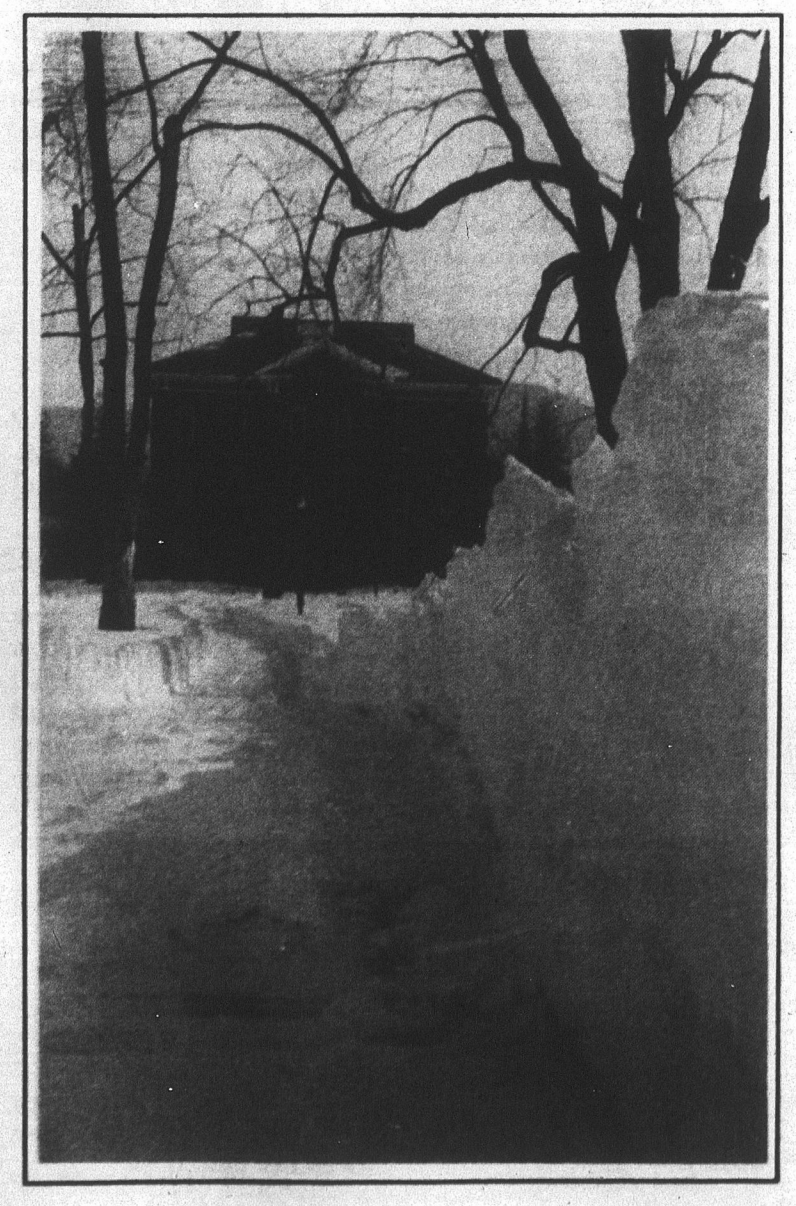
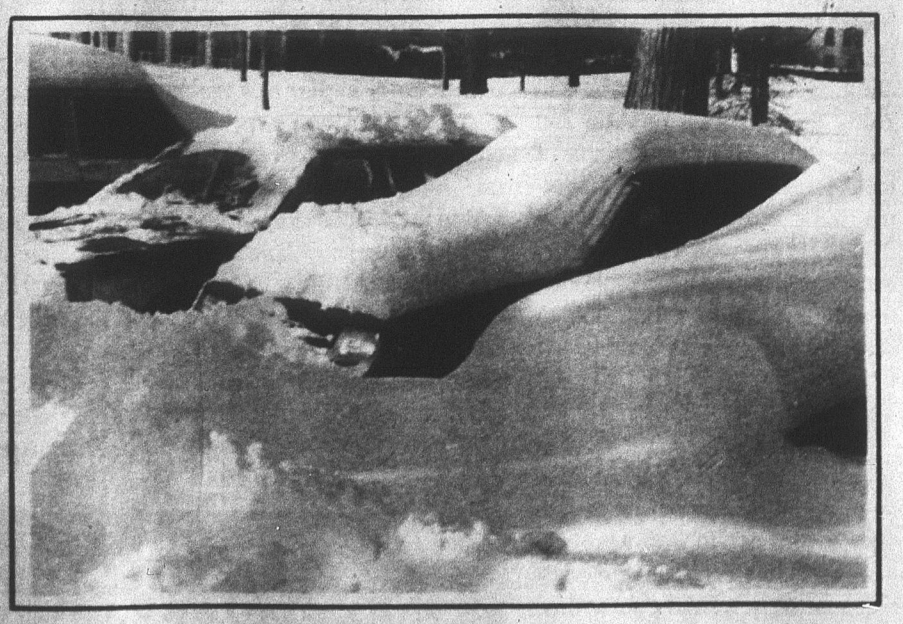




If the snow keeps you inside, play games with your mind

By Wendy Rivenburgh

Mind games are the rituals, bird-calls and mental mating dances of modern society. They decorate relationships or destroy them, as the case may be.

Sometimes deciding whether the person in question is playing a mind game is a mind game in itself. Sometimes the mind game is obvious; sometimes it is hidden. They can be mutual, one-sided or played in one's own head, and they are all about indirectness, innuendo and intrigue.

For the most part, students were enthusiastic about commenting for this article. One first-year male even said, "It's high-time an article was written about this!" A self-proclaimed victim of many mind games, he proved to be of the school that believes men are more vulnerable. "They're apt to fall at the feet of a woman," he opined, adding that the point of a relationship, after all, is to put yourself on the line. Hence, rule number one for playing mind games at Middlebury: use them as defenses.

This same thoughtful first-year student also marveled at the curious way that a woman will ignore a person she likes, a sentiment echoed later by a male senior. Rule number two: act the opposite of how you feel.

The senior went on to say that if a woman treats him like a stranger after a date, then he, far from being charmed by the hard-to-get coquetry, is not altogether unlikely to think "psycho."

Three seniors were disposed to react strongly to the issue of mind games, stating simply, "They suck." The voice inflection gave this response color. Another student rattled off with admirable speed a list of specific ploys: the jealousy set-up, phone tag, passive-aggressive mood swings, the guilt trip, feigned innocence, etcetera. It seems that a mind game can be created from any of the garden-variety vices and virtues.

Other students believe that the mystery and ambiguity of mind games actually enhance their romantic encounters. Hence, rule number three: consider the game an aphrodisiac.

But they also acknowledge that this penchant for mental sport depends upon the individual. If each person plays with the other's mind, then it can be like poetry, or it can be like the clash of the titans. In some cases, the game overcomes

Illustration by Liz Craig

the relationship — chess for its own sake and not because you like the company.

Then again, some believe that mind games are necessary in the beginning, and perhaps are even intrinsic to relationships. Naturally, there are those who disagree and have a fantasy view of the world in which direct communication reigns. These are the people who "prefer word games to mind games."

The consensus was that women play mind games them more than men. However, when men do play them, they play differently — perhaps with a bit more brutish effrontery compared to the subtlety of women. "We can play with a laugh, a smile, a look," one female said. Another suggested that it's "unconscious." Rule number four: read up on Freud.

The idiosyncrasies of the situation at Middlebury — the small, isolated population of students fated to spend up to four years together — make for an especially active season of games. Almost everyone felt that this sort of mind-playing was amplified here. "People play them all the time, everywhere, every day," declared a grim senior.

Our resident expert on the nature of relationships, Dexter Mahaffey '93, discovered through his thesis research that students are inhibited by the size of this community. Not only must potential interests cope with the mind games of each other, but they also face the jests and gibes from friends who may glimpse an encounter. "This," Mahaffey said, "is the way people play mind games against themselves." Unfortunately, unless the whole dating scene submits to a large-scale overhaul, the discontentment and the frustration that Mahaffey found so common will continue unabated.

Only in environments like Middlebury would sexual tensions fester for years — only here, where the students are hindered by an audience all too fond of ogling someone else's love life.

As with all things, the concept of power enters into this discussion somewhere. A few students felt that a particularly avid mind-player simply seeks to hold power over the other person.

Since magic spells went out of style long ago, manipulation of an abstract kind has taken over. Now there seem to be many who desire to "screw you mentally" for their own ego trip. Rule number five: be clever and calculating since the permutations of a mind game are limitless.

It is the misfortune of those who dislike mind games that the students here are, in general, smart enough to pull them off. For those who enjoy them as imaginative diversions from convention, they may be thankful that Middlebury hosts its own little mental Olympics.

Prescott's Long Trail journey

(continued from page 9)

Prescott's journey lasted 29 days with an average of six to 15 miles of hiking per day. Instead of mailing packages to designated points on the trail, he hitchhiked or walked into a neighboring town off the trail when he needed food. Consequently, he said, "I dealt with what I would need at all times: backpack, sleeping bag, emergency kit...what kind of gear I would need, and then I dealt with food."

This, however, led to problems as Prescott, an inexperienced long-distance hiker, packed food that eventually began to weigh him down. As he explained in a presentation about his trip held two weeks ago, dinners that included pasta smothered with spaghetti sauce from heavy jars were eventually replaced with three varieties of Lipton instant soup mix, "each of which tasted exactly the same."

Prescott also discovered that he was not as physically prepared for the trip as he had originally thought. His shoulder spasmed for the first week, and he experienced "bloody, raw blisters" and knee pain that resulted from poor arch supports in his boots. "I would not have let myself quit," he said. "There were times in the first two weeks when I thought 'this is a stupid idea, I shouldn't have tried it'...but [quitting] was never an option."

This was probably because long-distance hiking is more of a mental than physical exercise. Being alone in the wilderness allows for a suspension of reality that is difficult for us to find in our everyday lives. For one month, one week or even a day or two, the hiker can forget his or her worries of the world, and, in some cases, even develop a new identity.

For example, most long-distance hikers assume trail names. Prescott, once he began his trip, was no longer Prescott but "Short Cut." Short Cut met many interesting characters along his journey including "The Seeker," "Where's Waldo?," "Ten Bears," "Blue Bonnet," "Spirit Walker" and "Bald Eagle." One group that he passed was led by a man called "Chooch" who, along with his loyal followers "Trail Mix" and "Crackjaw," was supposedly searching for the Holy Grail.

Spending a month alone in the woods definitely has its side effects, "I very much missed my music," Prescott commented, and although after a day's hike "you can eat the bark off a tree...and like it," his daily ration of oatmeal and instant soup failed to satisfy his lust for a good pizza.

A new perspective

On the other hand, Prescott's isolation produced a sort of spiritual cleansing. Alone yet surrounded by beauty, one's mind tends to busy itself with contemplation. The results can sometimes be surprising.

"You can't lie to yourself, so you end up seeing yourself in a very harsh light. You think about your faults. You think about your strengths," he said. "All of society's false images are taken away, and you really see yourself in relationships with other people, the direction you're going...there's really little else to do but think when you're hiking."

Asked what change he noticed in himself, Prescott remarked simply, "It relaxed me a great deal." Friends noticed his transformation almost immediately, although the pressures of being a student at Middlebury have re-introduced stress into his life. Maybe it's time for another trip.

Woody Jackson

(continued from page 9)

Upon his return in 1973, Woody set to painting landscapes. He found that cows would often approach him and watch him as he painted. The abstract blobs of black and white on the Holsteins began to fascinate him as much as the brilliant color of the Valley's scenery. The cows themselves were willing and patient models.

And so in 1973 Woody came to paint his first cow. The print, "Avery's Cows," was made at the print studio in Johnson. Two great tastes that taste great together: cows and gleaming Vermont farmland. The artist saw his work as "a celebration of the power of the dairy cow in Addison County."

During this time, Woody supported himself by painting houses. He also managed to do some traveling, spending time in Japan and going through parts of Asia and India. In 1977 he made a couple of hand-printed cow T-shirts that attracted attention here in Middlebury. Friends and advisors encouraged him to mass produce a few shirts and start selling them to stores as far away as Boston. At first it was a tough sell: "A cow? That's it?"

I posed a similar question to Woody: "Just what is it about cows anyway? Why do so many people want to look at and wear paintings of cows?" Just as I figured, Woody had done some thinking about this. He quiped wittily that it is probably not the odor that attracts people. Rather, he believes that there is a subconscious nostalgia for agricultural days in the U. S.. As a nation, we are only a few generations removed from those heady days of self-sufficiency. Also, Woody feels that there is a deeper connection between humans and Holsteins. Cows were among the first domesticated animals. Often they even served as a foster mother to those of us who were raised, at least partially, on their milk. Cows are in our blood.

But why only dairy cows? Many older people become lactose intolerant but still enjoy a hamburger every once in a while. Don't beef cattle deserve some tribute?

First of all, the aesthetics of cattle are not quite as artistically satisfying to Woody. Instead of the black and white, yin and yang drama of the Holstein, beef cattle are a mushy solid brown. The black and white Holstein is also a good representative of cows in that it is the most popular cow in the States. And, of course, dairy cows are "not as brutal." Meat cattle just aren't going to sell to the vegetarians.

Woody was now able to support himself with his art, supplemented by more house painting. In 1978 he attended the Yale School of Art. Then he spent three years in Brooklyn digging the New York art scene. This move placed his cows in the East River and against various version of the skyline. I asked Woody about his influences in the art world. He mentioned Georgia O'Keefe, Matisse and Van Gogh as his favorites.

He then described some of his other work. Recently he has been painting vegetable gardens and a few apple orchards. He admits that he has been "stuck in cows for a while."

Upon his return to Vermont in 1983, he was approached by Ben of Ben and Jerry's to do some design work for them. It started with a T-shirt and the rest, as they say, is history. His involvement grew through billboards to trucks to the entire universe of Ben and Jerry's merchandise. Now the demand for his work spans the globe. He has recently licensed his work in Europe and has plans to import it to Japan.

In summing up his success, Woody feels that he has been the beneficiary of tremendous luck. He knows that it was certainly not business acumen that helped him, though the '80s were a good time for entrepreneurial enterprise. He was just there at the right time with the right cow.

P. S. He's having a big clearance sale at Holy Cow Inc. on Saturday April 3. You heard it here first.

Interested in being Arts Co-editor? Contact Allison at 388-1654 ASAP!

ARTS

Anderson explodes on stage as "Talk Radio" host

By Josh Tyree

Listening to call-in talk radio shows is like a wiretap into the true voice of America; the electric, anonymous voices of the night are like the mainframe computer of American consciousness.

"Talk Radio," an immensely entertaining and talented Hepburn Zoo production directed by Michael Liss '95, explores the mentalities which converge on phone-in programs, specifically on "Night Talk."

"Night Talk" is a Cleveland call-in show hosted by the corrosive and riveting Barry Champlain, whose freewheeling and antagonistic style has landed him a national contract. It's basically a one-man show, and the performance by Jim Anderson '95 as Barry is explosive with cynical enthusiasm. He captures the complexities of Barry's tortured personality with true presence. Like a stuck bull charging and screaming at the picadors, he bleeds his lines over the radio waves. Given that hardly any movement occurs during the play, and 90 percent of the dialogue is between Barry and invisible off-screen voices, Anderson's performance is even more impressive.

The production runs smoothly except for a few technical difficulties. The two-tiered set is joined by a door, which makes some monologues seem disjointed as players move from top to bottom during their speeches. The play takes place on the night before Barry "goes national." The length of the play is the length of Barry's show, with most of the action centered on conversations between Barry and his callers. Commercials cut the scenes, allowing Barry to interact with his assistant, Stu, and his producer, Dan, both one-dimensional background characters handled with energy by Nick Toren '95 and Ted Dowling '95, respectively.

Sophomores Maggie Lee, Jim Anderson and Nick Toren take a commercial break. *Photo by Roberta Stewart*

Stu's loyalty to Barry is a testament to Barry's brilliance as a host, and their relationship underscores the isolation and frustrated, bitter success that is destroying Barry.

Dan's presence is more sinister. He is a corporate eel not only concerned with ratings and the interests of the sponsors, but also with driving the rapidly decomposing Barry "like a train" faster and faster into success and towards the inevitable wreck whose sparks will create money, power and ratings.

Dowling as Dan is chilling and vicious. In a brutal monologue halfway through Barry's show, during which he says that "when you start thinking you're doing something moral, it f—ks you up every time," Dan reveals that he has created Barry's persona as a war veteran and former hippie for his own devices. In a word, Barry is a hoax, though he stubbornly refuses to give in to corporate control. After being forced to make a commercial for a local restaurant, Barry tells his listeners that he "feels like puking" every time he goes there. Despite this rebellious attitude, Dan's presence reminds us that Barry's show is essentially used by the sponsors to sell products and feed the degrading, commercial-sick corporate culture that Barry hates.

Barry is trapped in the pressure cooker of his successful public persona, and the play captures the finality of his disintegration. His "real" personality becomes hard to distinguish from his on-air role as controller, advice-giver and philosopher as the play progresses. He wants to talk about America and is disgusted by the crime, violence and degradation at the center of its culture. "The country is rotten to the core," he says. But Barry is equally repulsed by his callers' lonely, paranoid and intellectually simplistic personalities. He responds by degrading them publicly, emphasizing their weaknesses and crushing them.

As the play evolves, the talk show host becomes more and more abusive of his God-like power to manipulate and cut off his callers who are, of course, his listeners as well. Barry's disgust of his listeners is finally projected onto Stu, possibly his one true friend, until he reaches the point of insulting Stu for his own failure to handle his callers.

In the end, Barry develops a sinister Christ complex, calling himself "a voice in the wilderness" (compare to Mark 1). He completely withdraws from communication (he tells Stu to hold all calls) and launches into a long, one-sided diatribe on the hopelessly degenerate, alienated and pathetic audience of his show. A moment's reflection reveals the horrific thought that Barry is actually describing himself, since he is not really speaking to anyone in particular.

Barry's talk show no longer has any talk, and Barry himself disintegrates shortly afterward, apparently paralyzed. His voice, the only thing which matters or gives his life any meaning, shatters into silence. His closing words, "We're all stuck with each other," ring hollowly in the 30 seconds of dead quiet which precede the words.

South Indian performers bring some warmth and color to wintry weekend

By Eric Redlinger

Those who managed to get into the sold out evening concert of South Indian music on Friday, March 12 were treated to a sparkling and moving display of musicianship.

Those of us who have had experience with Indian music usually associate it with instruments like the "tabla" and "sitar" (á la Ravi Shankar), but this concert was instead marked by music of the Indian flute, violin, tamboura and mrdangam. The mrdangam, for non-Hindi speakers, is a double barreled drum about the size of a small goat which rests on a pillow at the player's feet. The tamboura, which is found in both southern and northern musical traditions, is a four-stringed instrument which produces the trademark Indian drone.

In apparent effrontery to western musical sense, a good tamboura player is determined by his ability to banish any trace of rhythm. In fact, a tamboura player's creed might read: "randomness is good." This sense of indeterminate shifting is, however, precisely what lends the style its sense of spaciousness and vitality.

While the inclusion of a western violin might seem odd alongside the other "traditional" instruments, it is, in fact, eminently suited for Indian music. Due to the lack of frets, it is easy to achieve slides and bends as well as micro tonal intervals, which provide many of the musical ornamentation with their "exotic" feel.

The concert began with an invocation, performed by Middlebury students Jennifer Lewin '93 on violin and Achal Prabhala '94, Elizabeth Page '95 and Eric Redlinger '93 on vocals.

The concert proper included T. Viswanathan, who played flute and is the recipient of countless awards and honors including the Sangeeta Kalanidhi, India's highest achievement in music and the arts. The other performers were David Nelson, Sriram Parasuram and Matthew Allen who performed on mrdangam, violin and tamboura, respectively.

The program contained a variety of South Indian songs, dating from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. The oldest piece was not performed due to a shortage of time (even so, the concert lasted more than two and a half hours), but the remaining compositions managed to span a remarkable variety of sounds and moods.

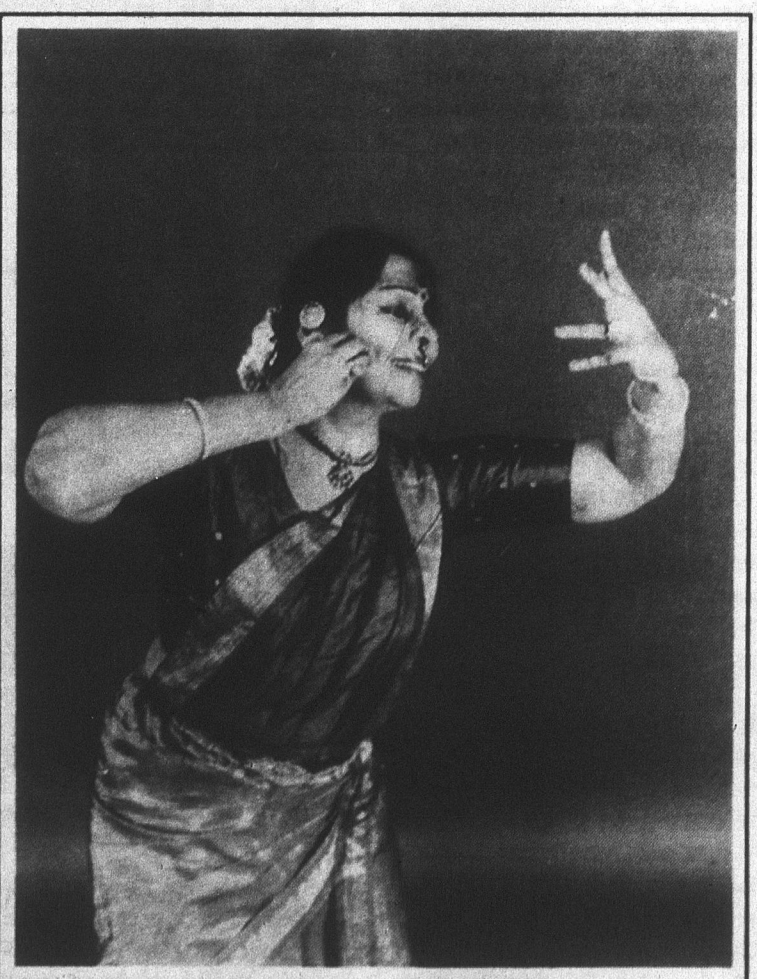
I enjoyed the first two pieces because of their unusual tonality, and the latter two due to the inclusion of the voice as a solo instrument.

Particularly moving was "Ettanai Vidangaldan," one of the few sung pieces, whose somewhat paradoxical text included such aphilosphical waxings as: "The size of a sesame seed is vast compared to the amount the 'I' has changed through wisdom," and "A life of good conduct has never even appeared in my dreams."

The basic structure of many of the "ragas," a term that corresponds roughly to our combined ideas of rhythm and mode, began with a solo improvisational section (alapana), which introduced the notes of the particular scale being used and generally set the mood of the piece.

In the final section, the frequent interplay between the flute and violin often created a wonderfully engaging dialogue. An impassioned drum solo at one point showcased the incredible technical and creative sophistication of the performers.

In contrast to the far more restricted role of the tabla in North Indian music, the percussionist on Friday carved a swathing path of polyrhythms through otherwise innocuous eight and seven beat rhythm cycles.



Lakshmi, an Indian dancer, was one of the highlights of the show. *Photo by Ram Rahman*

The audience is supposed to understand that it is partially its job to keep the "talam," the basic rhythmical structure of the song, intact. In fact, those in attendance often

(continued on page 16)

Critic's Corner

"Indochine" offers honest perspective on Vietnam

By Brian Passikoff

Every once in a while a film comes along which, in addition to entertaining an audience, opens one's mind to an issue of historical importance. French director Regis Wargnier's film, "Indochine," explores the effect of French colonization in Indochina without ever being didactic. At the same time, this remarkable film offers a sometimes humorous, but always moving, glimpse into human relationships and follies.

The film is set primarily in pre-World War II colonial Vietnam. Elaine de Vries (Catherine Deneuve) is an elegant, middle-aged, single rubber plantation owner who lives with her father and adopted adolescent daughter, Camille (Jeanne Pahn). Elaine runs all aspects of the plantation and benignly controls the lives of the peasants who work for her.

She and Camille eventually meet Jean Baptiste (Vincent Perez), a young, emotionally-unsettled naval lieutenant interested in seeing the world and finding his place in it.

The acting in this French film with English subtitles is superb. Deneuve gives a particularly convincing performance as a strong female figure. Perez is adept at developing his character.

The film was shot on location in Vietnam and takes full advantage of the beautiful, lush scenery as well as perhaps the most important resource of the country, the people.

The film offers an honest, unsappy portrayal of the colonial Vietnamese way of life in both primary and background scenes. With its impressive soundtrack and well-planned editing, this film is technically unblemished. No scene lingers long enough to become boring.

The same can be said about the story. Although the film is over two and a half hours long and starts somewhat slowly, the plot quickly picks up and keeps the film moving.

There are really no holes in "Indochine." Wargnier offers a moving portrayal of life from many perspectives. Unlike many recent big-budget films attempting to deal with the history of a culture, "Indochine" is very convincing.

Playing at Merrill Cinema 9 in South Burlington.

Living Colour's replacement bassist keeps the band on top

By Jeremy Cutler

When Living Colour burst upon the scene in 1988, critics and listeners alike united in praise of this band and their debut album, *Vivid*. It was hard-core driving rock, which, at the time, was not nearly as popular as it is today. The record was also an extremely funky and rhythmically inventive effort — a combination not seen since.

However, shortly after reaching stardom, strange things began to happen to Living Colour. Their next album, *Time's Up*, raised eyebrows. Sure, it had its hit single or two, but almost everyone dismissed the record as a victim of the "sophomore jinx."

This only made fans hungrier for album number three; but the EP of covers and live performances that the band released was not enough. Then the bomb dropped. Muzz Skillings, the most funky, grooving and underrated player in the band, just picked up his bass and walked out. Living Colour's growing following gasped in unison.

I was petrified at the possible implications of the change. Muzz and drummer Will Calhoun had always been the bouncier and funkier counterpart to guitarist Vernon Reid's more metal tendencies. This was the source of Living Colour's unique and fresh sound. What would happen now? What new direction was Reid heading in that scared Muzz away? Would Living Colour ever be the same again?

Stain, just released last week, provides all of the answers. No, they will never be the same again. Stepping into the vacancy left by Muzz Skillings was Doug Wimbish, an incredible, albeit harder and rawer, bassist.

One always could and still can say that as far as technical perfection and background in music theory goes, Living Colour remains unsurpassed. The band has the ability to excel equally in rock, free jazz, hardcore and hip hop, and Vernon Reid is one of the most eloquent spokesmen in the rock world today.

So what is *Stain* all about? Well, initially, I was disappointed and disgusted with the album. I felt betrayed. The first 20 seconds of the first song reminded me of a cross between Metallica and Nirvana, and a quick scan through the rest of the album revealed much of the same: crazy distortion, lots of grungy bits, a cranked-up metronome. There was no clean funk guitar, no wah-wah pedal, no subtlety. I prepared myself to bury this album in print as a means of avenging my purchase. The Living Colour of old used to *jump* off the radio at me. This one just blends in with the rest of the alternative movement. How could they sell out like this?

But a week passed, and I forced myself to keep listening to the album. Much to my dismay, it started to grow on me. This should not have surprised me, as nobody, and I mean NOBODY, writes as catchy a hook as Vernon Reid does. His riffs, as alternative as they have become, will mesmerize absolutely anybody.

Calhoun also deserves a lot of credit for rescuing *Stain;* his drumming is the backbone of the band, and it creates both a swinging and a syncopated feel. Wimbish is indeed an impressive player, and considering his short experience with Living Colour, the band sounds very tight.

Finally, Corey Glover's vocals are as convincing and as politically provocative as ever, especially one notable song where he apparently sings from the perspective of Jesus Christ.

What it boils down to is that Living Colour is basically the same band — they've merely altered the vehicle for their talent a little bit. If you listen closely, you can still hear the real Living Colour underneath; they're still fooling around with the beat and the rhythm, they have still managed to fuse many styles into their own they are still musically and socially provocative.

The first single of the album, "Leave It Alone," showcases their talents, as does the heavy, powerful and edgy groove of "Never Satisfied" and the psychedelic ballad "Nothingness." The confounding time-signature of "This Little Pig" also reminds us of Living Colour's superiority.

Stain is, overall, a well-done album. It is well-produced, interesting and the quality of the music is high. It needs to slow down some, soften up and let the listener catch his or her breath, but that has always been a criticism of Vernon Reid; playing fast and wild is cool at first, but it wears on you.

What Living Colour has done with this album is to open many new doors to a new audience and a new style of playing. I only fear that they may have slammed a few shut in the process.

Sting and fIREHOSE fall short with new albums

By John Colpitts

Sting: *Ten Summoner's Tales*

For some reason I have always had an unshakable faith (no pun intended) in the artistic integrity of Sting. Maybe it's a holdover from my love of the Police or because of the slick, somber promotional campaign with which A+M records has always marketed Sting records.

When I recently revisited his second LP, *Nothing Like the Sun*, I found the experience to be disillusioning.

Old albums come off sounding so dated and flimsy today that I was forced to re-evaluate this whole idealization. Has Sting been fooling us all along?

One close listen to *The Soul Cages* managed to restore my original impressions. Sting is a talented songwriter with a knack for assembling bands full of the most creative musicians recording today.

A partial list of his recording mates on previous albums includes saxophone player Branford Marsalis, keyboardist Kenny Kirkland and drummers Manu Katché and Omar Hakim, all giants on their instruments.

Sting's forth studio effort, *Ten Summoner's Tails*, is likewise not short on talent. But great musicians do not great albums make.

Ten Summoner's Tales was fronted by the early release of the tepid single "If I Ever Lose My Faith in You," a song that is hollow both musically and lyrically. This track sets a precedent for the inconsistency to follow on *Ten Tales*.

The tracks "Fields of Gold," "Heavy Cloud No Rain," "She's Too Good for Me" and "It's Probably Me" all rely heavily on an atmospheric synth sound to cover the simplicity of the songs' progressions. At times the music comes off like a middle-of-the-road top 40 ballad.

Sting's disappointing "Ten Summoner's Tales"

However, Sting's genius does manage to surface on the excellent odd-time track "Saint Augustine in Hell" and on "Something a Boy Said," influenced by Miles Davis' *In a Silent Way*. But these revealing moments are rare.

Don't get me wrong, for fans this will be a pleasantly familiar Sting product.

Expect the same high standards of production displayed on his earlier LPs but don't expect the subtle artistry and soulfulness of the cathartic *Soul Cages*.

Sting is covering some old ground here. Hopefully, it is not indicative of what is to come in future releases.

fIREHOSE: *Mr. Machinery Operator*

When guitarist D. Boon of the prototypic '80s punk/funk band The Minutemen died, bassist Mike Watt and drummer George Hurley took a hiatus from recording. When the group's rhythm section burst onto the scene again, it was with the less political, more pop-oriented fIREHOSE.

The addition of singer/guitarist Ed Crawford brought a smooth, melodic feel to the band, as first displayed on the SST release *Ragin' Full On*. The band's subsequent major label releases have been disappointing, never fully realizing the gutsy thrust of The Minutemen and early fIREHOSE LPs. The latest fIREHOSE release, *Mr. Machinery Operator*, is stronger than the other two Columbia albums, but it still seems to flounder throughout most of its 50 minutes.

The production by J. Mascis (of Dinosaur Jr.) is obvious. The guitars are full and crunchy, and Watt's genius base lines are a little less pronounced in the mix than on earlier releases. That makes for a different fIREHOSE sound but not necessarily a more effective one.

The tight-fisted rhythm section only makes its presence felt on a few tracks. "Powerful Hankerin" shines in its silliness, and Watt cooks on "Disciples of the 3-Way," but most of this stuff never gets off the ground. This fIREHOSE doesn't instigate much of anything.

South Indian performers

(continued from page 15)

did join in, enthusiastically slapping out a variety of beats on knees and any other available targets.

Unfortunately, the performers did not stress enough the informality of the concert setting.

Adhering to western concert etiquette, many listeners sat in silent attentiveness, a task which grew increasingly difficult after two hours and no intermission. I was later informed that it is not at all rude to get up, walk around and return.

All in all, the concert was a raging success. Those who missed out this time can fortunately still catch sitar master Ali Akbar Khan when he comes in April. Music Professor Jay Pillay will be performing with Akbar Khan.

The Russian Choir, led by Professor Kevin Moss, tramps through the snow. *Photo by Duffy Thompson*

Haden and the Liberation Music Orchestra take act to Burlington

By Daniel Stahler

There is an essential human need to communicate with others, an urgency to cry out that at times cannot be expressed in words. In response to this many fight for their freedom, some lie dormant in chains of misery, others make music.

Charlie Haden and the Liberation Music Orchestra offer an avenue for freedom from oppression through the emotion of their music — the pure tones of jazz.

Friday night at Burlington's Flynn Theatre, Charlie Haden, a creative lord of the bass, and 11 all-star jazz artists, including Tom Harrell on trumpet and fluegelhorn, Ray Anderson on trombone and Joe Lavano on tenor sax, came together for several hours of inspiring and socially conscious jamming.

Haden, more than anyone else, has changed the role of the bass in ensemble performance.

As with his achievements with the innovative Ornette Coleman Quartet of the late '50s and his artistic prosperity with the Keith Jarrett Quartet, his free jazz style drifts high above the traditional role of the bass which emerges from the depths of an ensemble to surface as a major voice.

A technical master of his craft, Haden employs a beautifully intricate style that can be simple at times yet complex at others. The genius of Haden's work lies in his ability to utilize this talent and produce creative phrasings with a perfect and meaningful tone.

The Liberation Music Orchestra has focused its repertoire on Socialist-oriented works, songs about the Spanish Civil War and the sounds of freedom.

Haden, in conjunction with the talented arranger Carla Bley and the Liberation Music Orchestra, creates an inspiring aura of music that reaches out to everyone, regardless of the listener's political affiliations.

The first piece of the night, "Nkosi Sikelel'i Afrika" or "Anthem of the African National Congress," was chosen by Haden as a protest against apartheid in South Africa.

The anthem's regal sound was delicately handled by the horn section, providing a melodic repetition of harmonies over which the soloists maneuvered intensely.

Haden, in conjunction with the talented arranger Carla Bley and the Liberation Music Orchestra, creates an inspiring aura of music that reaches out to everyone, regardless of the listener's political affiliations.

Makanda Ken McIntyre's alto sax solo offered a very percussive feel, which appropriately intermingled with the subtle tones of the horn section.

Joe Lavano's tenor sax poured forth a series of focused phrases that relayed frustration yet determination.

Haden's bass supplied waves of sound throughout the piece which were complimented by the gentle prodding of the drums.

The last song of the evening, "Dream Keeper," was composed by Carla Bley and inspired by a collection of poems by Langston Hughes on racism. This piece consisted of four parts, each unique in style, which ranged from a spiritual to free jazz.

This incredible musical ensemble, in collaboration with the Essex Children's Choir and Chorale, produced a feeling very true to the title.

The listener was brought to a dreamlike trance stimulated by the haunting sounds of voices and instruments. Haden's bass acted as the underlying, almost hypnotic pulse off of which the other musicians fed.

"Dream Keeper," as with all of Haden's other tunes, featured specific players, but it was the sound of the ensemble as a whole which provided the most inspiration.

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Russian choir eager to take show on road

By Nicholas Taranko

Following their long tradition of delighting audiences around the world, the Middlebury Russian Choir kicked off its 1993 world tour on March 7 at Bard College. The tour will continue through much of New England and will end in Russia this summer.

Led by Associate Professor of Russian Kevin Moss, the group has toured in the United States since 1986, performing for enthusiastic audiences at many northeastern colleges.

The Choir usually sings a mix of Russian, Ukrainian and Georgian religious and folk songs, but since this tour ends in Russia, the focus of the repertoire will be Russian pieces.

The program ranges from an interpretation of Psalm 116 to the folk songs "Lado" (reputed to cause rain or induce labor) and "Dub Zelyoni," in which the audience sings the refrain "pey! poi! gulyay! (drink! sing! party!)."

This year the choir has had two concerts in Middlebury and appeared with the world-renowned Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble, the professional Russian folk group which amazed a sold-out crowd at the Arts Center last November.

The Russian Choir also went into the studio during the month of January, recording "Mnogaya Leta (Many Years)," a collection of religious and folk songs. Reputed to be an excellent tape, it should be available by late March. Proceeds of tape sales will go toward the summer tour of Russia. The tape is available through Kevin Moss.

Following the concert at Bard, the choir will have a busy schedule which includes a Middlebury performance on April 15, three days before Russian Easter.

Then, on May 24, the choir will fly to Moscow, possibly to be joined by choir alumni studying in Russia. After concerts in Moscow, the group will travel to Kostroma, Yaroslavl, Pereslavl Zaleskiy, Valdimir/Suzdal and wind up the tour on June 11 with concerts in St. Petersburg.

Spurred on by the successful recording session and their appearance with the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble, the group is eager to hit the road to prepare for the summer dates in Russia.

Looking ahead...

One of the finest Czech pianists of his generation, Antonin Kubalek will perform at Middlebury on April 1. Kubalek studied at the Prague Conservatory, won many prestigious awards in Eastern Europe and in 1968 emigrated to Canada. He has overcome a visual impairment and for 10 years held true to his own vow to never repeat a concert program. Kubalek will perform at the Center for the Arts Concert Hall at 8 pm. It is a concert benefitting the Porter Hospital Capital Campaign. Admission is $10/$4 students.

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Unusual dance show offers visual and verbal richness

By Winnie Weisman

Traditionally, music accompanies and enhances dance performances. On Wednesday, March 10, students presented dance pieces that shattered this tradition. The dances all used text, both live and recorded, as their sound track.

The choreographers approached the challenge of writing text and creating a dance piece to words in a variety of ways. The opening piece, "Airplane," choreographed by Kari Larsen '95, featured Larsen and four other dancers speaking a story created by Larsen, as they moved through almost pedestrian patterns and relationships.

The five dancers fell in and out of duets, adopting each others' movements while picking up the narrative where the last performer dropped it. The strongest moments in the piece featured the sudden emergence of simplicity. One such simple movement came when the five dancers merged into a straight line. Larsen spoke in cadence with the dancers' footsteps, and the meaning of the moving language and the spoken language reflected and enhanced one other.

Ana Reeder '93, in her work "Folds," spoke poetic text that contrasted with the prose in "Airplane." The images in the poetry challenged the audience's concentration. Thankfully, Reeder created moments of verbal and visual simplicity that allowed her text to emerge.

Reeder's movement occasionally wove together rhythmically with her voice, providing a single image of movement and word. Through repetitive movement phrases, such as backing up with a simple hand gesture Reeder opened up another avenue to the words she spoke by letting the verbal dominate the physical.

In "One Voice," choreographed by Alyssa Bono '95, poetic text threatened to hide behind movement as it had in "Folds." Again, the choreographer allowed the audience the chance to grab onto the text. Bono's trio wove into each other by picking up each others' movement phrases and by sharing a narrative voice.

Bono peppered the piece with cannons and moments of stillness, granting the piece visual harmony. By tightly linking her dancers' movement, Bono let the audience focus on the words the dancers spoke.

Bess Huddle '95, in her piece "The Scar," beautifully connected emotion, movement and live text. Her stuttering accusations lived within her sporadic movement. This link between verbal meaning and physical portrayal lasted throughout the piece. Performing on a chair, Huddle used her spatial limitation to push the extremes of physical expression. Huddle's use of facial expressions completed this provocative, concise and explosive piece.

Professor Andrea Olsen performed the sections "Voices From the Past" and "Spinning Out" from a larger, evening-length work that she created in collaboration with musician David Darling. Within these two pieces, Olsen spoke text while Darling's music played lightly behind the words. The music created a cozy, confessional atmosphere.

The rich prose from "Voices From the Past" melted into the movement, not literally reflecting the spoken words, but manifesting a meaning behind them. The power of this verbal and visual convergence made this piece a riveting emotional experience.

In her second piece, "Spinning Out," Olsen tore down the barrier between audience and performer. She seemed to speak casually to a close friend about the major changes going on in her life. Laughter rippled through the audience as Olsen danced through all the physical manifestations of the phrase "This should be a fun time."

Lisa Gonzales '94 bridged the two worlds of live and recorded voice in her piece "Waterfall." The piece began in the dark with a recorded story playing from the speakers about a wise woman by a river.

As the lights revealed Gonzales, the sound of a rushing waterfall filled the theater. Gonzales repetitively rocked, creating an almost holy atmosphere.

The dance travelled through many phrase loops which began with Gonzales repeating the first lines of the recorded story, repeating and expanding a movement phrase and then evolving into the next pattern. The progression and development of movement and text made this piece cohesive and rich.

In contrast to the live voice used in the other pieces, "My Song," choreographed by Randall Chambers '93, featured recorded text spoken over a musical background. The opening of this piece, with its simple forward and back floor pattern and repetitive movements, accented the sound. The text beamed out of the movement. Chambers overcame the difficult task of energizing the recorded voice by claiming the meaning of the words through his body. The solo section of this piece successfully integrated a disembodied voice, music and movement.

Whether poetry or prose, live or recorded, the verbal layer used in these eight pieces granted greater meaning and potential to these dances. Through the use of voice, the choreographers not only added greater human qualities to their pieces, they made use of the human body to its full performance capacity.

WRMC and a student production company, Vibration Productions, organized by Geoff Marx '93 and Oneil James '93 in order to "mobilize the Burlington 'scrap' scene" brought three bands to campus on March 13. The concert was a benefit for the Sara Holbrook Children's Center in Burlington. *Photo by Stefania Sucharitkul*

ITE opens with Love, Hope and a Postman

By Eric Wiener

The Immediate Theatre Experiment's spring season started Sunday, March 14, with the production of John Patrick Shanley's "Down and Out," directed by Lelia Arnheim '95. "The man in the newspaper said I was an untalented fool," says the Poet, played by Chris Marshall '94. However, the man in *this* newspaper must disagree.

ITE has proven once again that talent, not time, fancy sets or wads of cash, makes a good production.

"Down and Out" is an allegory for the struggle of being a writer in an unfriendly environment. Through the life of the Poet and his Love, played by Sara Morgan '95, we see the difficulties that writers face.

The couple lives in complete and utter poverty. They have eaten nothing but beans and water for the last six days. The Poet cannot read at the library because it is only open for one half-hour per week due to "cutbacks." He cannot write because he has no pencil. Yet, in this world of exaggerated sadness, there is hope. Despite the hardships, Love has stayed with Poet.

Both Marshall and Morgan appeared completely natural on stage. One could see the hopelessness in Marshall's face. The actors' movements were all gentle and deliberate. The audience frequently laughed, but Morgan and Marshall delivered their lines with such honesty that I wondered if I was really supposed to laugh at their situation.

During the scene, a Figure, played by David Anderson '93, takes away the Poet's library card, his only source of happiness. Then, the Figure offers to buy the Poet's soul and deliver him from poverty.

An ounce of hope arrives as the Postman, played by Christian Parker '93, delivers the Poet's new pencil. But the pencil is broken. Ultimately, Love gives the Poet hope despite the hardship.

The stage, designed by Anne Brahic '95, was intimate and minimalist. The house of 40 was pushed into the one room scene. The lighting, designed by Julie Martin '95, and sound were not grandiose but conveyed the mood subtly.

From a technical standpoint, I have only one complaint. At the end of the play, the Poet moves from a pool of red light to a pool of white light. This represents the Poet getting past his fears, but I did not like a red line moving up Marshall's face.

Despite the humor, I found this story dealing with writer's block depressing. As I wrote this article, I, too, came face-to-face with a mild case of writer's block. Luckily, I had learned my lesson from "Down and Out," and I knew that I should not give up hope.

Talented folk singer tells about bug squashin' and slug drownin'

By Nicholas Taranko

Due to the blizzard and a shameful lack of publicity, only about 30 people showed up at the Arts Center to hear Margaret MacArthur's concert on the afternoon of March 14. Those who did arrive to hear one of seven "New England Living Art Treasures" were treated to an afternoon of Vermont folk music rarely performed, especially by such a talent as MacArthur.

Accompanying herself on dulcimer and a harp zither dating from 1900, MacArthur played various old folk songs in her first set. The songs ranged from a mournful tune about a New Hampshire wife who got lost on one side of a river and managed to wander over to the other side, to a more upbeat tune about dancing to Farmer Jones' fiddle and hoping that snooping parents would not come by.

The modern songs, some written by MacArthur, told stories in a similar style to the older songs. "Mary Shaminsky, I Love You," an explanation of how that particular phrase was scrawled on a railroad bridge in Brattleboro where Route 30 and Route 9 cross, melted the hearts of sentimentalists in the audience. A song about how Pudding Mountain and Squabble Hollow (these are real places in Vermont) got their names from a rather large Indian Pudding rolling down from the top of the mountain made the audience laugh from beginning to end.

The songs included a mournful tune about a New Hampshire wife who got lost on one side of a river and managed to wander over to the other side.

Several of the songs from the second set came from MacArthur's work with Vermont schools, where she performs and also writes songs with the children. The songs, concerning such topics as local landmarks and irate grandmothers seeing their granddaughter's petticoats, have the potential to become classic folk songs. But more importantly, the songs demonstrate to the children that the folk song is an accessible art form and one that they should explore. It is an art form that is dying in a country full of people who insist that they can't sing.

Technically, the concert was not perfect. MacArthur occasionally struck a wrong note and sometimes forgot words in poems and songs. But the aim of folk music is not musical perfection. The aim is to capture a spirit and sing about the common people, those who are out working.

"A lot of these folk singers sing about tilling fields, but they're so busy practicing that they have no idea what they're singing about," MacArthur quoted her son, a commercial strawberry company owner, as saying. This observation prefaced "Bug Squashin' Party," a funny little tune MacArthur's son wrote about stomping potato bugs and drowning slugs in beer.

Folk guitarists usually pack the Gamut Room, so there is a definite interest in such music on campus, but performers who understand the spirit of the folk song as well as Margaret MacArthur are very rare.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Wanted: Field hockey coaches at Middlebury Union High School for September and October 1993. Salary provided. If interested, call Gail Jette after 6 p.m. at 388-7126 or Kim Turner at 388-3111.

Interested in living in the Environmental House? Students with a strong concern for environmental issues are encouraged to submit applications for 1992-93. Applications are available from the student info desk and are due back by April 9. For more info contact Daniel Scheidt at x4722.

BUY MY SKIS! With all this snow, how can you afford not to ? Blizzard Thermo VSL Recreational/Slalom skis with Tyrolia 580 bindings for sale. Perfect for intermediate skier. Used for two seasons. Good condition. $200. Call x4206.

Have you been wondering what that recurring dream has been trying to tell you? Do you want to figure out what that incredibly bizarre dream meant? Sas Carey and Adrienne Downie, on their talk show "Spiritual Soapbox," would love to hear your dreams and discuss issues which relate to them. Tune in to WRMC, 91.1 FM, from 3-4 p.m. on Thursdays. Feel free to call in with a dream or other questions during the jazz music breaks throughout the show.

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Lakefront rental available September 7, 1993 to graduation weekend. 3 bedroom, fireplace, deck, $450/month, nothing included. Call 352-4551.

PERSONALS:

To Jim Rodda: "I wanna be your dog." — Iggy Pop and the Stooges

To the Midd Dating Service: Thank you, you terrific group of matchmakers! Through your service I met the most terrific woman — a great first date has led to a promising relationship. I doubt we ever would have met otherwise. Our class years, social groups, etc. have unfortunately kept us apart until now. Your project is to be commended, and I just wanted to let you know that your efforts paid off in at least one relationship. — A very grateful junior

Hi there, coffee partner! I got your letter, but you didn't say how the crab legs are. Keep me informed. Love, Moscow

Vandals #1 and #2: MIDD CREW RO...?? I've got the paint if you've got the time... — Vandal #3

Chad Cooper: I heard once that white men are intellectually superior to black men. I though that was bulls—t too.

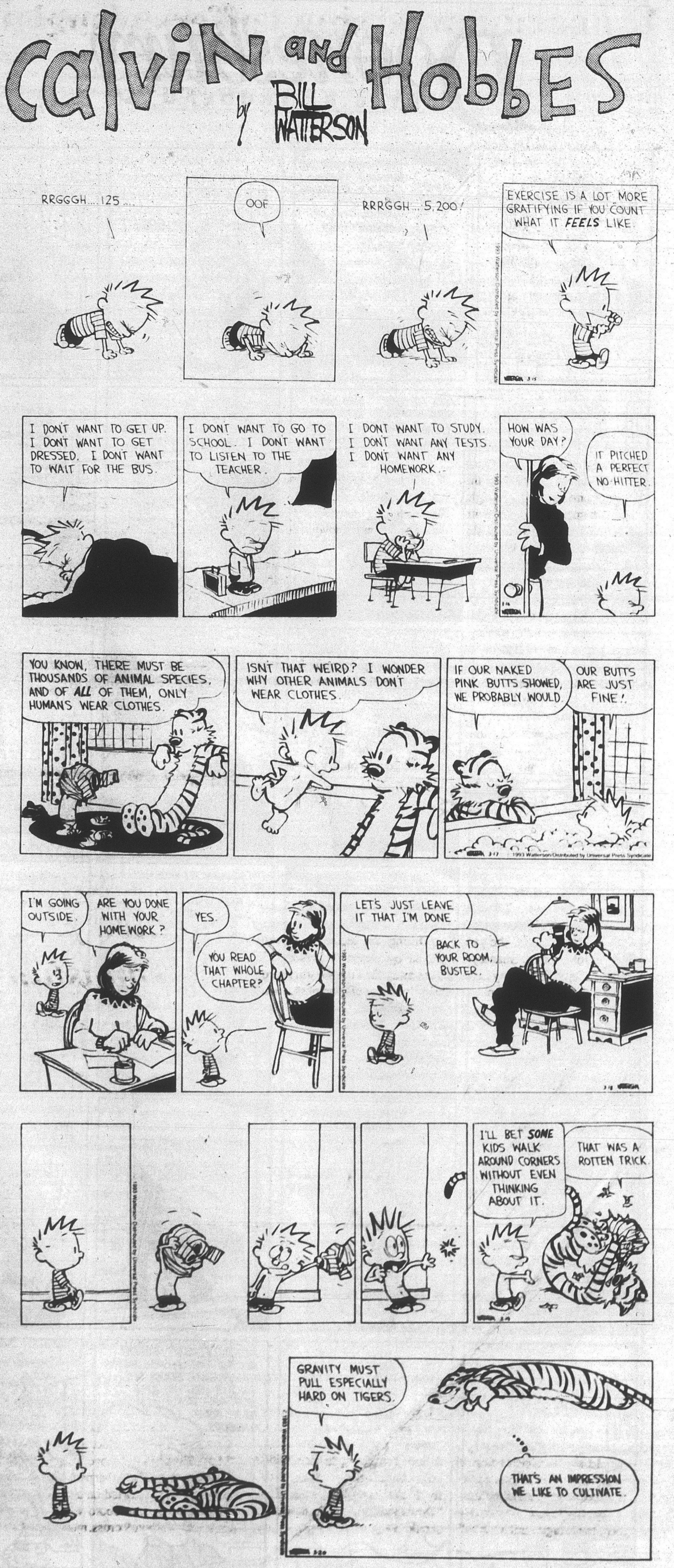
Clou, Jenny, Natasha: Vive la France. Plus que 2 mois a tenir! Vivement le mois de Mai. Je deviens folle! — Anne Banane

Hey, Jules, hell week is almost over! Jimbo, get off the computer games. Beedle, you rock the bad flannel. We miss Silly Plastic Teeth! See you all in U.V.L! — Fur

To J.Joyce and OMW-
What a week!
What fun!
Let's do it again!
Thanks - CS

Treskadon for Queen '95!

Arts Editor position open. Contact Allison, 388-1654 for application.


Calvin and Hobbes
by Bill Watterson
RRGGGH... 125...
OOF
RRRGGH... 5,200!
EXERCISE IS A LOT MORE GRATIFYING IF YOU COUNT WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.
I DON'T WANT TO GET UP. I DON'T WANT TO GET DRESSED. I DON'T WANT TO WAIT FOR THE BUS.
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL. I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THE TEACHER.
I DON'T WANT TO STUDY. I DON'T WANT ANY TESTS. I DON'T WANT ANY HOMEWORK.
HOW WAS YOUR DAY?
IT PITCHED A PERFECT NO-HITTER.
YOU KNOW, THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF ANIMAL SPECIES, AND OF ALL OF THEM, ONLY HUMANS WEAR CLOTHES.
ISN'T THAT WEIRD? I WONDER WHY OTHER ANIMALS DON'T WEAR CLOTHES.
IF OUR NAKED PINK BUTTS SHOWED, WE PROBABLY WOULD.
OUR BUTTS ARE JUST FINE!
I'M GOING OUTSIDE.
ARE YOU DONE WITH YOUR HOMEWORK?
YES.
YOU READ THAT WHOLE CHAPTER?
LET'S JUST LEAVE IT THAT I'M DONE
BACK TO YOUR ROOM, BUSTER.
I'LL BET SOME KIDS WALK AROUND CORNERS WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT.
THAT WAS A ROTTEN TRICK.
GRAVITY MUST PULL ESPECIALLY HARD ON TIGERS.
THAT'S AN IMPRESSION WE LIKE TO CULTIVATE.

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

ALEX?... SWEETHEART, WHAT'S WRONG?
>SOB!< I'M DUMB, DADDY!
3-15
DUMB? WHAT...
EVERYONE'S SMARTER THAN ME IN SCHOOL! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT! I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS! NOBODY LIKES ME!
SOB!
UH... J.J.!
SHE'S OUT. MOMMY HATES ME, TOO.
BABY, BABY, WHAT'S WRONG?
I FEEL LIKE NOBODY, DADDY! I FEEL LIKE A TEENY, TINY SPECK OF DIRT!
3-16
ALEX, DID SOMETHING HAPPEN IN SCHOOL TODAY?
MRS. LANG KEPT ASKING THE BOYS ALL THE QUESTIONS, SO I INTERRUPTED, AND SHE LOOKED AT ME FUNNY...
...AND ALL THE OTHER KIDS LAUGHED AT ME! A TEACHER ISN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT ANYMORE! MOMMY SAID! THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FAIR TO GIRLS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SUGAR. I'M SURPRISED THAT...
WHEN'S CLINTON GOING TO RE-TRAIN EVERYONE? HE PROMISED!
IT'S TRUE, DADDY! SHE DOESN'T CALL ON ME BECAUSE SHE THINKS I'M JUST A DUMB GIRL!
NO, SHE DOESN'T, ALEX. MRS. LANG KNOWS HOW CLEVER YOU ARE...
3-17
...AND SHE WAS ONCE A LITTLE GIRL HERSELF. BUT SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO BREAK OLD HABITS. I'M SURE SHE DOESN'T REALIZE SHE'S FAVORING THE BOYS.
AND THE KIDS LAUGHING AT YOU DOESN'T MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS. SOMETIMES CHILDREN CAN BE UNKIND. LISTEN, I'VE GOT EXPERIENCE THERE...
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE— YES, I KNOW, TIMES HAVE CHANGED...
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE — YES, I KNOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED...
SWEETHEART...
I'M DUMB, DADDY! DUMB, DUMB, DUMB!
ALEX, YOU MOST CERTAINLY ARE NOT...
YES, I AM! EVERYONE LAUGHS AT ME! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!
3-18
I'M SO DUMB I'LL PROBABLY BE IN NURSERY SCHOOL FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! I'LL NEVER GET INTO BEAUTY SCHOOL OR THE AIR FORCE ACADEMY! SOB!
AIR FORCE ACADEMY?
BEAUTY SCHOOL? WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
HELLO?
IT'S ME. SORRY I'M NOT HOME YET. I GOT LOST AGAIN. EVERYTHING OKAY?
SURE. EXCEPT OUR DAUGHTER HAS JUST ANNOUNCED SHE IS "A TINY SPECK OF DIRT."
REALLY? HOW SO?
3-19
WELL, SHE SAYS THE OTHER KIDS ARE ALL SMARTER THAN SHE IS, AND NOBODY LIKES HER, AND SHE HATES SCHOOL.
AND I HAVE STUPID HAIR!
IT'S A HAIR THING, TOO.
THAT I KNEW.
HEY, LOOK WHO'S UP! FEELING BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF TODAY, SQUIRT?
I GUESS SO...
WELL, SEE? YOU WERE JUST HAVING A BAD DAY YESTERDAY. EVERYBODY HAS A BAD DAY SOMETIMES—EVEN DADDY!
ACTUALLY, DADDY HAS 'EM ALL THE TIME! IN FACT, DADDY HASN'T HAD A GOOD DAY SINCE HE LOST HIS JOB A YEAR AGO! TALK ABOUT BEING A NOBODY...
YOU'RE NOT A NOBODY, DADDY...
YES, I AM! I'M JUST A SPECK OF DIRT!

Dear Students,
For the past 7 yrs, I've had the privilege of working w/a wonderful inspiring group of young adults. Thank you for making my professional experience as nurse practitioner in this community so fulfilling & rewarding. You have shared your lives in a way that will touch me forever. I wish you all the very best as you grow together developing your strengths, talents, enthusiasm for life & compassion for one another. May your dreams be realized.
Sincerely,
Laurie Brown
Nurse Practitioner
Parton Health Center

Laurie Brown is moving to Jackson, Wyoming in early April and welcomes correspondents from those who would like to keep in touch. 388-6294

Hey, Barry: No, not me. YOU.

If Middlebury men won't date Sharon because of her poem, I wish I had written it.

There's a ghost in my room.

OVERHEARDS:

"There's mold in here"
"Don't worry about it; it's not going to make us sick. Most mold is totally harmless."
"Not the kind that grows in a bong."
— Distraught users of neglected paraphernalia in Starr

"If I wear anything even slightly musky, I smell like a cat in heat."
— Random sophomore woman.

"I'm going to have to start hooking up with people in Hepburn. This job is going to make my sex life skyrocket."
— da Chief.

"The wombat's coming out his butt!"
— the Gifford quad.

"What are the Elgin marbles?"
"You know, the ones from the Pantheon on the Acropolis."
—Confused sophomore male (World traveler, ever heard of the Parthenon?)

"Kinkiness causes more fluidity!"
— Chris Watters in BI 250

"You just want to hook up with da Chief."
"Yeah! Disco forever! Is she here? Wait, don't put that in."
— two male staffers.

"Greek is like multiculturalism — they both make me sick."
— in Classics common room

"A section on the social life at Middlebury? You should do two blank pages."
— staff irony on the loose

"Will you put this between your legs? I can't hold it any longer."
— Sophomore at McDonald's drive-thru

"I *thought* that was Julie having an...(oops!)"
— Gifford

"I know we're bound to come together, cause she's looking for new blood."
— Young Bob

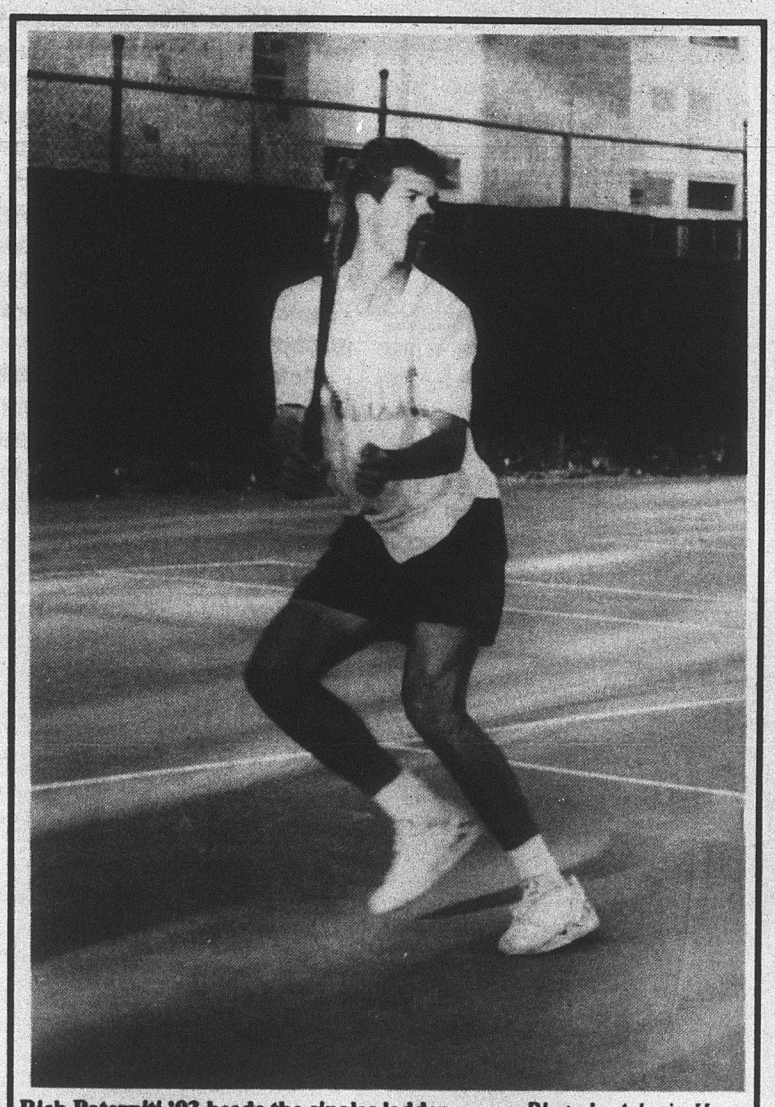
Too much is never enough. Keep sending Pesonals, Overheards and Announcements to Drawer 30.

Men's tennis set to improve on last year's performance

by Adam Gilden

The men's tennis team, with all of its starters except one returning from last spring, looks to improve upon last year's fifth place finish at the NESCAC tournament.

Leading the Panthers this spring will be Stephen Pozatek '95 and Rich Paterniti '93, both of whom qualified for the Rolex Invitational Tournament last fall. Pozatek and Paterniti will team together as Middlebury's force in doubles. Two of Middlebury's three doubles teams reached the finals at the NESCAC tournament in their respective flights last spring and coach Gail Smith would like to repeat that success this year.



Rich Paterniti '93 heads the singles ladder. *Photo by Adonia Henry*

Lance Klingler '95 and Chris Butler '94, a likely combination for one of the doubles spots, both rely on quick hands and athleticism, as well as Klingler's powerful serve to win matches. Butler's return from Spain has brought additional leadership and work ethic to the team, and has helped compensate for the loss of Dave Sequeira '94 to study abroad in Australia.

Another emerging doubles team is the combination of Douglas Tsao '95 and Oman Sloan '94. Sloan's game combines picture-perfect strokes and intimidating power, while Tsao's penetrating groundstrokes keep opponents helplessly pinned to the baseline. Tsao's much-improved net game has made him into a formidable doubles player, in addition to the strong mental game that has helped him win many singles matches.

Smith has added several new faces to Middlebury tennis this year. Fred Berner '95, also a member of last fall's team, frustrates opponents with maddening consistency and surprising speed. Keith Magliana '96 made the team as an alternate but has proven since then that he can keep pace with anyone; his efforts to improve have won him several challenge matches against returning players.

Charlie Snow '96 and Hideaki Osawa '96, both February freshmen, have already shown their ability to step into the starting lineup if needed. Snow's powerful groundstrokes and potentially devastating serve have earned him the respect of his teammates. Osawa's outstanding athleticism and on-court versatility, including an ability to hit one or two-handed backhands and an excellent touch game, have already put him into contention for a starting spot.

The team will travel to Hilton Head, South Carolina for spring break to play several matches, including dates against Cornell and Tufts, a NESCAC rival.

Match play against regular season opponents such as RPI, Williams, Amherst, St. Lawrence, Bates and Bowdoin starts after spring break.

Men's lax

(continued from page 24)

All-American, will lead the way in the Panther midfield where he has patrolled and frequently dominated since his first year.

Low scored seven goals in Middlebury's championship victory over Bowdoin to earn himself Most Valuable Player status in last year's tournament.

He will be playing offense and will be expected to carry much of the Panther scoring load.

Fagan, regarded as one of New England's premier midfielders, has been moved up to play on the offensive line with Low in hopes that he, too, can create scoring opportunities.

Matt Gordon '93 will return to the team from last season's sidelines.

"He adds a lot of experience and athletic ability," Quinn said of Gordon. "We certainly expect big things from him and are very pleased with his return."

"We're psyched to have Gordo back," Atherton added. "He'll help us out in the goals-for category."

While the team continues to practice indoors with its sights set on the sun and grass of California, Coach Quinn hopes that last year's players can up their level of play and that the first-year stickers can step into some crucial roles.

Although it is certainly too soon to predict, it looks like a third straight ECAC Championship for the Panthers will be an uphill battle. However, as Atherton warns, "We'll be there when it comes down to it."

Snow shoes

(continued from page 22)

Snow shoeing has its roots in the Arctic north where the Cree and Inuit survived long winters with deep snow. Nicholas Walter '93 once visited one of these communities. "The Cree had these wooden snowshoes that were six and a half feet long. They said they could keep up with the caribou in the woods running with the snowshoes," Walter said. "When [the Cree] saw our three and a half foot snowshoes that we borrowed from the Mountain Club, they thought they were hysterical."

When the snow is very deep and light, as it is in Northern Canada, long snowshoes are necessary. Smaller snowshoes are better for traveling on trails in the mountains near Middlebury, where the snow is not as light and the trails are steep.

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One on two-on-one

By Neall Currie

"I bet you and I could take him, two on one."

One night at dinner, I listened as two men discussed whether they could beat Michael Jordan in a pick-up basketball game.

One argued that Jordan would have difficulty scoring and would be simply unable to defend against two athletic players. If they played a sort of two-man zone, he said, Jordan would be forced to take bad shots and give up the ball. On offense, they would just have to pass to shake him loose and get an open shot.

The other said that Money would score every time he touched the ball and, if they played winners, would shut out his opponents. Money would easily split any double team for a monster dunk or just pull his six feet and six inches up for a jumper over their heads. As for offense, well, no two amateur schoolboys would be able to shake loose one of the NBA leaders in steals. Even if they did, they wouldn't be able to make every shot they took, and Jordan just might.

Thinking about this, all I have to say is, you better eat your Wheaties.

Air Jordan could beat these guys in bare feet. Jordan has to split double teams every time he steps on a basketball court. He could probably beat any two players of the Dallas Mavericks' bench in a game of two-on-one; nothing these two guys could show him would even make him pause. The only time he'd stop scoring would be to laugh at them. He wouldn't even waste time trying to defend against them; all he'd have to do is stand in the paint and wait for the rebound.

The only thing they could do to keep Jordan from scoring on every possession would be to foul him so badly that his eyes crossed. Then while he's at the line, put Reeboks on his feet and tie the laces together. And they still won't stop his jump shots.

Scoring on him might be a little easier. First of all, you'd have to be playing losers just to be able to get the ball; while one guy checks it in, the other gets on all fours behind Michael's feet. Fake to the basket, and when he takes a step back....

There's no question that Jordan, Charles Barkley or any of the NBA's top players could win a game against two non-scholarship college students. But the whole discussion got me thinking about two-on-one match-ups that would be close.

Naturally, two of the top NCAA basketball players should be able to give Jordan a run for his sneaker contract. The best combination would be Memphis State's Penny Hardaway and Duke's Bobby Hurley. Hurley could pester Jordan on defense, making him pick up his dribble; Hardaway may be the only college player with the first step to get around Michael's defense.

Ultimately, there's only one team of non-professional basketball players that could blank Money two-on-one. They're none other than the most dynamic duo in the country: Bill and Hill Clinton. Bill's defense would tax Michael out of his zone, while Hill's offense would drive all over him until he needed health insurance.

Try the snow shoeing alternative

By John Gardner

I was, like most of us, thrilled but a little disgruntled with our weekend blizzard. There was so much snow, yet we were blocked from the ski areas by treacherous roads. My plans for making the first tracks at the Bowl waylaid, I decided to try something new: snow shoeing.

When I first donned the snow shoes, my feet sank about 10 inches into the snow, just as if I did not have these wooden straps on my feet.

I poked my hand into the snow to reaffirm that I was basically standing on the ground. My hand disappeared into the snow up to my elbow; still no sign of firm ground. Curious, I took off one snowshoe to see how deep the snow really was. I sank in up to my waist! I struggled like a fool for the next 15 minutes trying to get the snowshoe back on my foot in a waist deep drift.

Snowshoes open a whole new territory of winter fun.

"When I'm snow shoeing, I like to imagine I'm walking on snow 100 feet deep. With snowshoes, traveling on 100 feet of snow is just as easy as walking on three feet of snow," said Matthew Alexander '93.

Snowshoes open a whole new territory of winter fun.

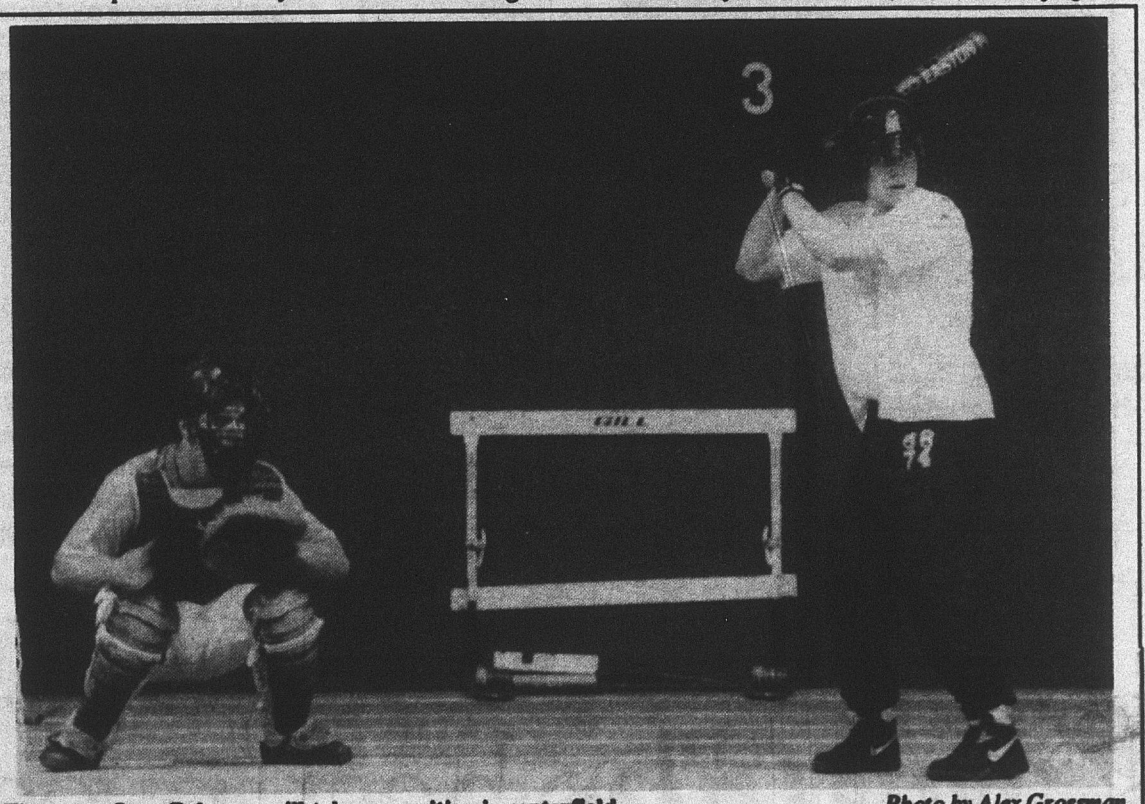
With snowshoes, the winter mountain trails are no longer inaccessible. With a hut and a wood stove waiting at the end of the day, a winter weekend snow shoeing trip could be a benign and beautiful adventure.

Snow shoeing is remarkably simple. It's just like walking, but it involves a little more shuffling, especially with older models. Breaking a trail can be a little strenuous, but following a track is as easy as walking on a footpath.

In the western United States, there are running races on snowshoes, much akin to road races. People get decked out in lycra with graphite snowshoes.

Before trying it myself, I thought it was a little contrived and very ludicrous. But when I put on a pair of modern snowshoes, it was so fun that I could hardly keep from running.

(continued on page 21)



First-year Scott Pokrywa will take up position in centerfield. Photo by Alex Grossman

Baseball

(continued from page 24)

who has developed into one of the better Division III receivers in New England.

"Milksy's got a great arm, and he digs nearly every ball out of the dirt," Loescher said about his teammate. "It's real comforting to have someone strong like that behind the plate."

Milks, in fact, had a fielding percentage of .962, one of the best percentages of any catcher in New England last year. He can get the job done at the plate as well, as last year's .288 average and team high six doubles indicate.

The scrimmage was another encouraging portent. The team thoroughly impressed the Purple Knights, a Division II team already returned from their own spring training in Florida. "The scrimmage made me real optimistic about the young guys," Hyland said. As arms are still defrosting after a long winter, the Panthers should know more about their prospects after break.

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Bryan and Rogers earn All-American honors at NCAA's

By Hillary Broome

Nate Bryan '94 and Kirsten Rogers '96 attained All-American status at the 40th annual National Collegiate Athletic Association Division I ski championships, held March 10-13 in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Middlebury finished eighth overall out of 20 teams.

The 14 team members and accompanying coaches were trapped in Chicago over the weekend as a result of the Blizzard of '93; alpine coach Bart Bradford's spirits were low on Monday morning when he was finally reached by phone at a Holiday Inn outside Chicago.

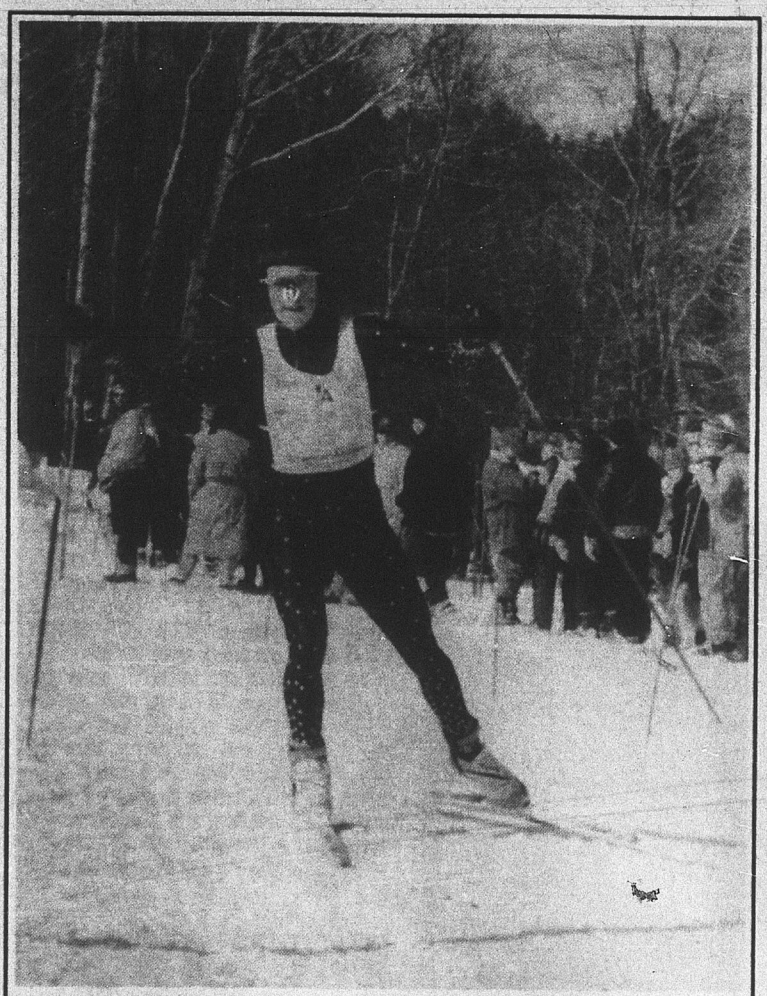
"Everybody's bumming big time because of mid-terms," Bradford said. "We're going to go explore downtown Chicago." Terry Aldrich had already left with the majority of the team.

The competition got underway Wednesday with the giant slalom events. Nate Bryan finished seventh, followed by Pete Webber '93 in 21st, David Bryan' 93 in 25th and Matt Waddell '94 in 27th place.

Rogers, the only female Middlebury representative in the alpine races, placed fourth in the GS.

"As far as alpine goes, I'm a little disappointed," Bradford said. "I would have liked to have more All-Americans. We shoot high."

The cross-country classical races were held the next morning. Brian Welch '93 was the first Middlebury racer across the line, finishing 23rd in the 10-kilometer race and beating UVM powerhouse Knut Nystad, who finished 27th. Zach Caldwell '93 was 33rd.



Zach Caldwell '93 took 21st in the NCAA freestyle. *Photo by Ben Speiss*

The nordic women were still weakened by sickness and the change in altitude. Amy Hollingsworth '94 led the Panther contingent in the 5K classic with her 19th place finish, followed by Riikka Pakkala '96 in 21st place, Sara Rabinowitz '93 in 26th and Kristin Daly '94 in 30th place.

Pakkala described the first race as "complicated....It snowed the night before so the conditions were the hardest to wax for. Then between the time we were warming up and the race the conditions changed."

The slalom came on Friday and the Panther men lost Waddell on his second run. Webber finished 23rd, Davey Bryan was 24th and Nate Bryan was 29th. Rogers didn't finish her second run.

"Matt Waddell was in fourth place after the first run," coach Bart Bradford said. "One race can make or break you. Sometimes it pays off and sometimes it doesn't."

On Saturday, the nordic teams competed in the freestyle races. Caldwell was 21st and Welch was 26th in the 20K freestyle. Hollingsworth led the Panthers with another 19th place, followed by Daly in 20th and Kelly McCann '96 in 41st. Pakkala had to drop out because of illness.

"We did all right. The altitude hurt the Eastern skiers so there were only one or two people in the top 10 from the East," Pakkala said. "Our season was kind of broken because of sickness. Kristin Daly and Amy Hollingsworth were still recovering and the altitude hurts you more when you're recovering. We'll be much stronger next year."

"The altitude took its toll on Eastern skiers across the boards, more on the nordic skiers," Bradford added. "Out west it's difficult to find venues for nordic racing because of the altitude."

Bradford is looking forward to next season.

"We'll lose Webber [to graduation] but we're getting two new guys. We'll be back up to full power," Bradford said. "We aren't losing any women and we are gaining two or three new women so we're talking a whole new ballgame."

Women's lax

(continued from page 24)

the team's preparation for its first game against second-ranked William Smith. Hopkinson is looking forward to the game against William Smith as a "barometer for where the team has to go."

Chapman feels that the training trip will be key to preparing the team for the season. It will provide the opportunity for them to get comfortable with the people playing around them and strengthen offensive plays and the defensive zone.

As ECAC defending champions for the second consecutive year, the women's lacrosse team is under a lot of pressure to win. Expectations are very high for the success of the team.

"Everyone wants to do things in threes," Chapman said. "If we can remove ourselves from that and not be affected by the pressure, we'll do well."

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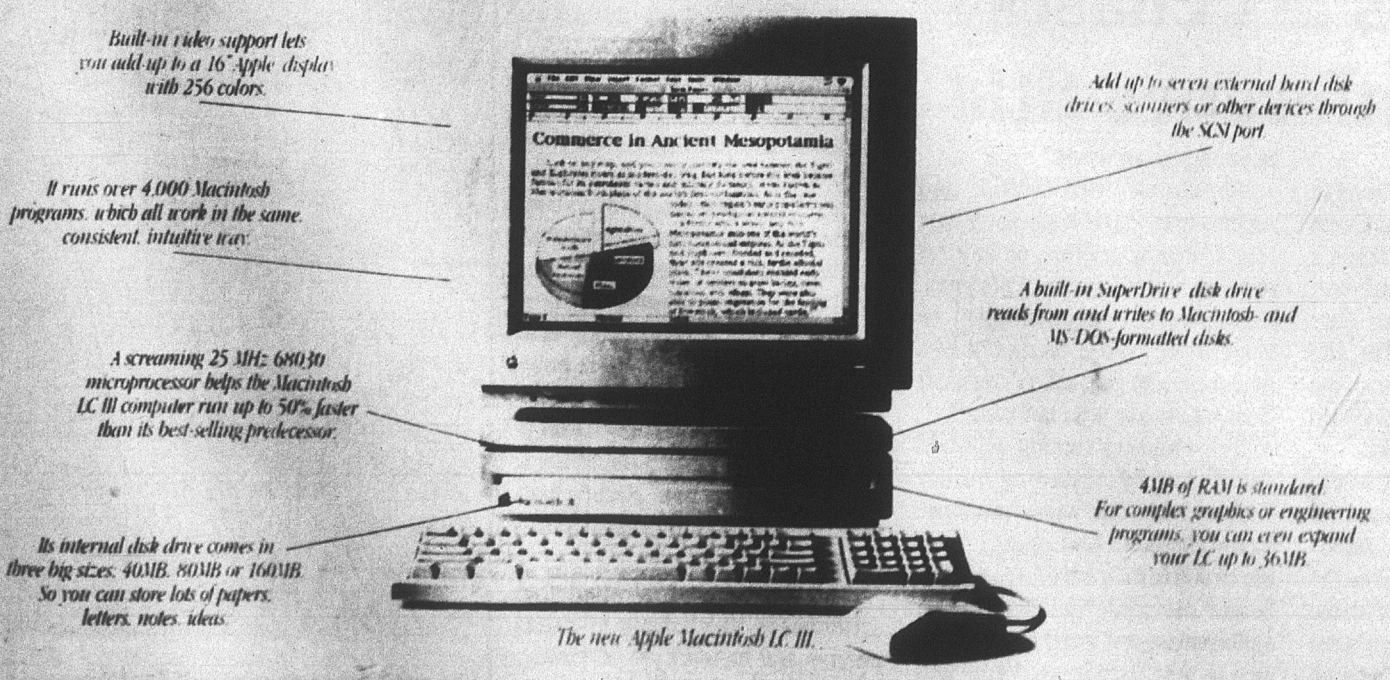
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SPORTS

Baseball relies on rookie talent for successful spring

By Matthew Clark

Does anyone believe in the value of applying literary analogies to sports? Baseball coach Bob Smith certainly can't afford to. "Youth," the British author George Bernard Shaw once said, "is wasted on the young."

The baseball team's goal this year is to tap into their most valuable resource, their youth, and not allow Shaw's maxim to come true. One of the few certainties of this season is that it is a very young team.

"On the surface, I think it's going to be tougher to win games this year because we graduated five pitchers, among others," Smith begins. "That puts us in the situation where we're looking for a lot of new guys to step up. A couple of Feb fresh look pretty decent."

The biggest worry Smith and pitching coach Bill Mandigo have is filling the void left in the rotation by workhorses Doug Ginevan '92 and Ted Leach '92. Junior co-captain Tim Loescher is the only Panther pitcher with any game experience whatsoever, and he will bear the responsibility of patching together the rest of the staff.

"We're going to have to look to some young arms to help fill numbers two through four [in the rotation]," Loescher explains.

Loescher will be the number-one arm in the bullpen, and Smith will look to untested first-year righthanders Dylan Madir and Graham Philips to fill spots two and three. Smith would like to use a four-man rotation, so the fourth starter's position will likely fall on the shoulders of junior Jamie Wood, the only lefthander on the Middlebury staff.

But a rotation does not a staff make, and with all the unknowns in this year's group, Smith will also utilize the arms of first-year students Doug Mandigo and Neil Matthews, as well as senior Andy Hyland, an on-and-off spot reliever throughout his college career. "Bullpen by committee" is the de facto "nature of the beast" this year, but Smith and Mandigo aren't conceding anything yet.

"Our biggest question is definitely the pitching staff, and, of course," he added lightly, "the weather. There's a question as to how well the young guys can step in, but I'm excited because they have a good, solid attitude."

That, as any coach will tell you, is a fundamental building block of any successful team.

Another question mark this year is in centerfield. The quick shoes of All-New England Bill Heslam '92 will undoubtedly be hard to fill. Heslam led the team last year in most offensive categories, including batting average (.390), runs scored (22), hits (30), triples (3), home runs (2), stolen bases (16), slugging percentage (.610) and on-base percentage (.641). The unenviable job of replacing Heslam will likely go to first-year student Scott Pokrywa, who appreciates the size of the shoes he's stepping into.

Beside Pokrywa, in right field is Matt Gorra '94 who had last year's second highest average (.377). Additionally, Gorra led the team in RBIs (15) and sacrifices (7), while finishing second to Heslam in hits and triples.

In left field, sophomore Joe Bradley will be given the likely starting nod because of his fielding (his fielding percentage last year was 1.000), but his potential at the plate is as of at yet untapped.

"He didn't hit high for average last year," junior co-captain Jeff Milks said, "but he's got a fluid stroke that should produce some offense given the fact that he'll be getting more chances this year."

The team's only senior, Hyland must shore up the infield which has been struck by mass absenteeism in the form of junior year study abroad. Hyland will anchor the hot corner, as he has since his first year, and next to him will be Brad Smith, a swift and strong-fielding sophomore.

At second will likely be Chad Cooper '95, who, despite hitting only .245 last year, saw a significant amount of time as a first-year, playing in 17 of the team's 21 games. At the other end of the grass, sophomore Alec Perkins should start at first base.

An additional strength the Panthers have is their catcher, Milks,

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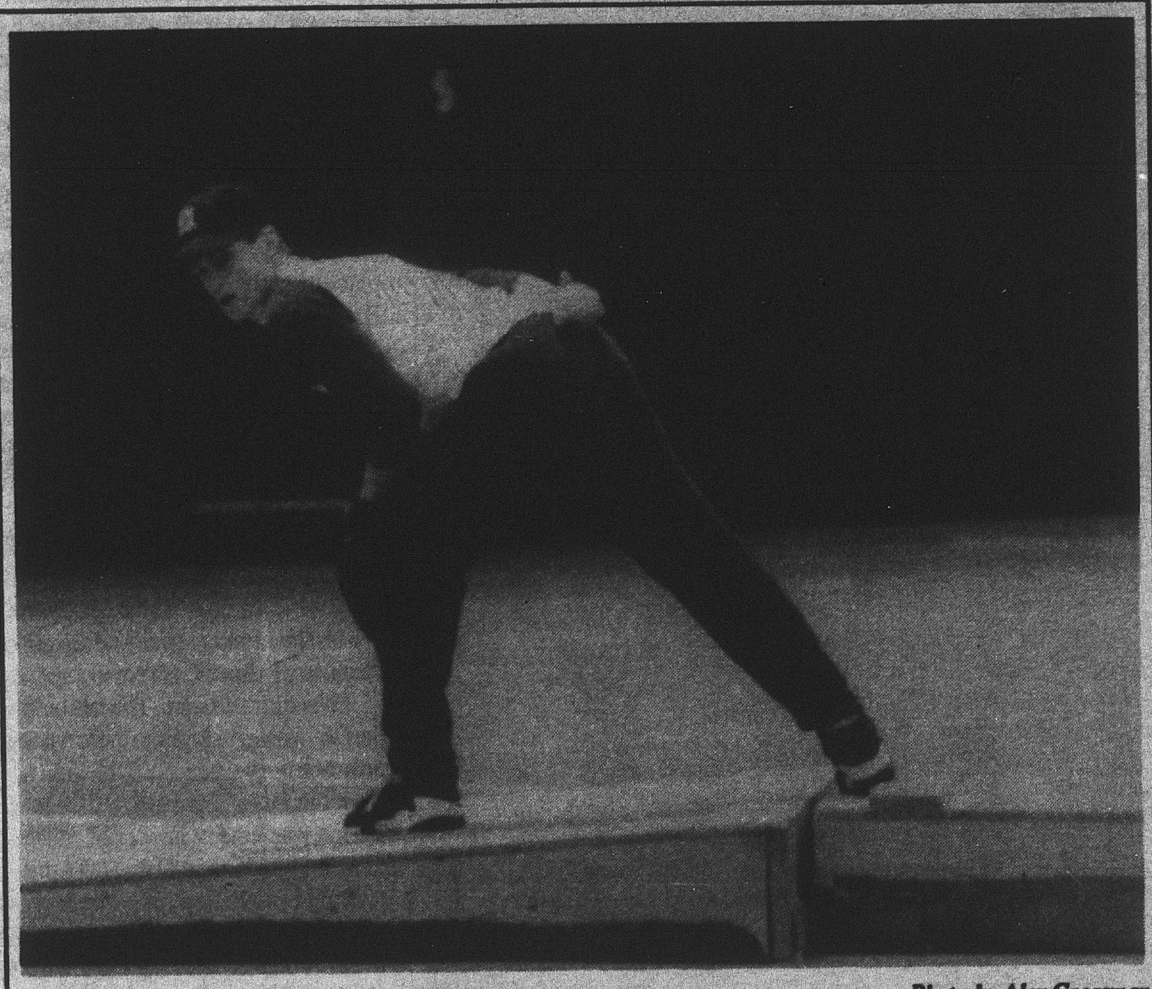

Junior Tim Loescher will lead a green pitching staff. *Photo by Alex Grossman*

Women's lax chases third conference title

By Claire Martin

This spring the Panthers hope to defend their title as the East Coast Athletic Conference's women's lacrosse champions for a third year. Headed by senior captains Kate Chapman and Kim Griffith and coached by Missy Hopkinson, the women's team is looking forward to another successful season.

A trip to Wellesley last weekend gave Coach Hopkinson "a chance to really look at the team" and make a decision as to what the final roster will look like. With the loss of only two of last year's seniors, the majority of her Division III ninth-ranked Middlebury team will be returning this year.

While remaining hopeful for the upcoming season, Chapman said that she and Griffith are concerned about what the effects of having such a high percentage of returning players might have on the team's attitude. "The returning players might think that not much has changed," Chapman said, "but most teams we played last year were just as young as we were."

Hopkinson cited Griffith and sophomore Nicole Kassissieh, last year's leading scorers, as key returning offensive players. Kassissieh, according to Hopkinson, "came on nicely as a freshman and has taken right off from where she was last year."

The Panthers' strong midfield game, led by returning junior Kirsten Morbeck and sophomore Kelly Heffner, has always been important to their success as a team. Senior Meredith McLean's "great anticipation and good checks" are factors that Hopkinson thinks will also be important for the Panthers defensively.

Junior goalie Lissa Gibson, whom Chapman calls "the core of the defense," posted an impressive 5.7 average goals allowed per game last season. Hopkinson said Gibson "looks outstanding this year."

Pre-season scrimmages against teams such as UVM, Harvard, Colby, Wellesley and Plymouth are

(continued on page 23)

Champion men's lacrosse squad hopes to continue winning ways

By Reg Merriam

For the past four weeks the Middlebury men's lacrosse team has been practicing early in the morning and late at night in preparation for the upcoming spring season.

However, the recent blizzard has put the team's hopes for outdoor workouts on hold, and with less than one week until the season opener, the coaches and players see this as a potentially large problem.

"We won't get outside until the day before our first game," senior tri-captain John Atherton said. "It's going to be interesting to see how well we do."

Due to the unusually heavy snowfall this year, coach Erin Quinn's Panthers have already had two pre-season scrimmages canceled.

"In the past we've used the scrimmages to evaluate younger players and to work on combinations," Quinn said, "but this year we'll have to wait until we get to California."

The Panthers will be flying to the west coast for spring break, where they will participate in their first two games of the regular season against Berkeley and Whittier.

Although the team lost 13 players to graduation, including its starting defensive and offensive lines and its starting goalie, the coaches are optimistic about this year's squad.

Quinn said that many impact players are back for another season and that the 11 first-year students on the team "will step up to play key roles as well."

Quinn expects many of last year's "role players" to mature and develop into goal-scorers and solid defenders.

Currently, first-year student Ian Wolfe and junior Franz Ingelfinger are vying for the starting goalie position, occupied by current coach and All-American Hieu Nguyen during the last four years.

Quinn anticipates tri-captains Atherton, Dave Low and Chris Fagan to have exceptional senior campaigns. Atherton, a two-time

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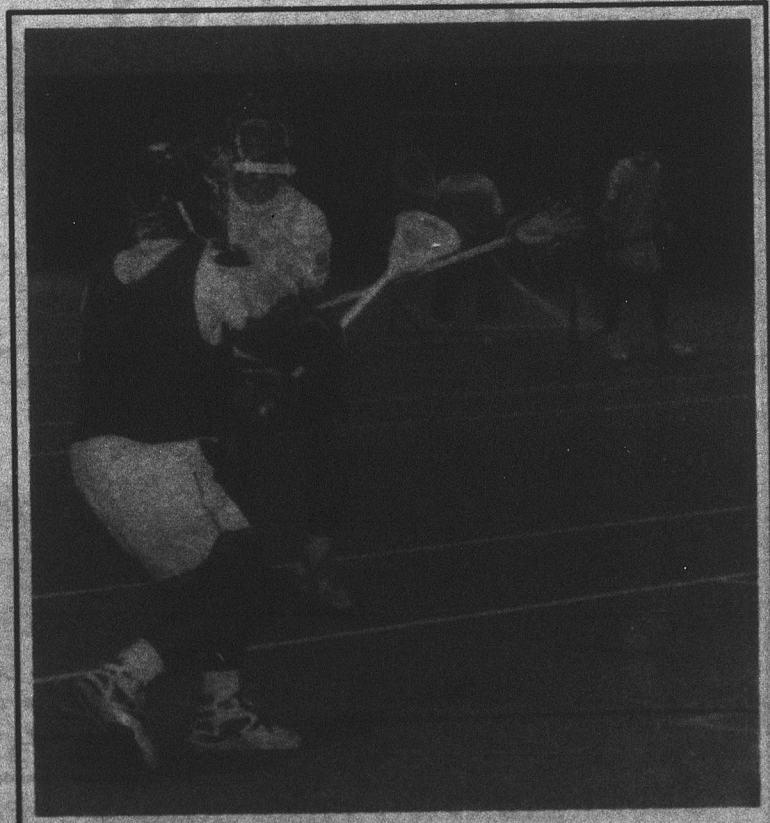

The men's lax team gets ready for spring. *Photo by Christina Perry*